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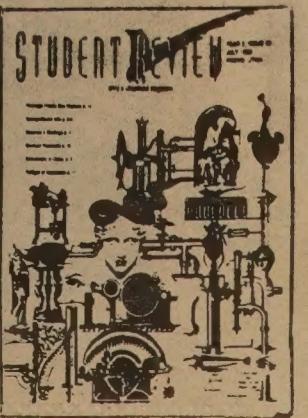
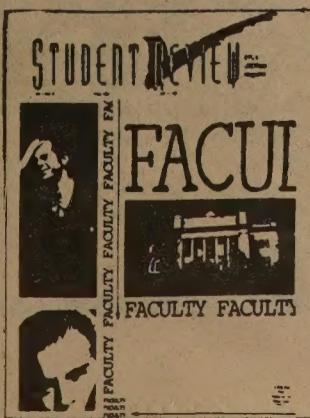
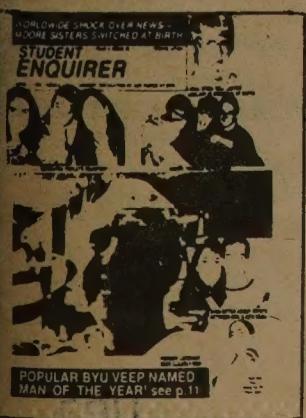
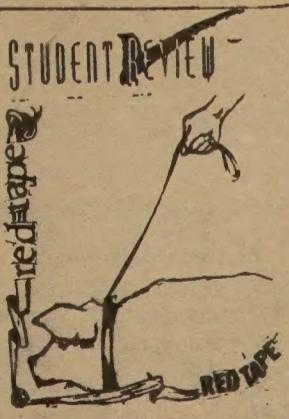
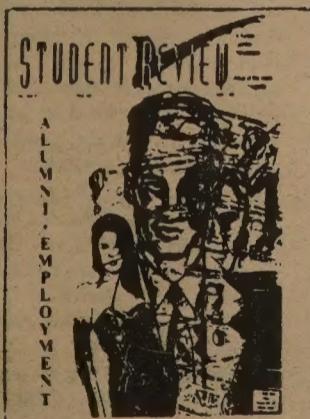
The Year in REVIEW 3

Student Review—Brigham Young University's UNofficial Magazine

Year 4

Issue 1

September 20, 1989



STUDENT REVIEW
year 4 • issue 1

Student Review is an independent student publication dedicated to serving Brigham Young University's campus community.

Student volunteers from all disciplines edit and manage Student Review; however, opinions expressed are those of individual authors and do not necessarily reflect views of the SR staff, BYU, or The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Student Review is published weekly during fall and winter semesters and monthly during spring and summer terms by Student Review Foundation, a nonprofit corporation. SRF operates under the direction of the Foundation for Student Thought, also a nonprofit corporation.

A year's subscription costs \$10.

We invite all students to get involved with Student Review. Articles are welcome from anyone involved in the BYU campus community.

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Staff Notes

Welcome to Year 4!

Welcome meeting: Tuesday, 12 September on the steps of the MSRB.

Staff openings:

- Marketing Director
- PR Director
- and many others.

We would love to have more people who are PageMaker literate. Contact BJ at 374-5367.

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From the Publisher and Editor:

Student Review Mission & Values

were thwarted at nearly every turn. After spending the entire summer of 1986 working with BYU officials, we saw no way to get an open forum for ideas on campus, a sad reflection indeed on any university. Unfortunately, at BYU the yellow brick road was still under repair, and the Wizards of Oz refused to grant visas.

Sometimes people get confused about the purpose of *Student Review*. Because the *Review* is an off-campus, independent publication, a few mistakenly assume it is anti-University, anti-BYU, anti-Church. Not at all.

Student Review began over three years ago as an attempt to fill a pressing need in the BYU campus community: an open forum for student thought. If students in 1986 wanted to explain their ideas to others, what could they do? Write a paper for a class; explain their thoughts over lunch at the Cougareat; maybe even face a hostile crowd at SoapBox. That was about it.

The campus paper gave students virtually no chance to publish anything outside of a letter to the editor. Many writers and thinkers were frustrated with the tacit gag order at BYU. The time was right for *Student Review*.

During our formative period, we tried everything we knew to launch this new publication as a campus-sponsored entity. But we

As the slated publication time loomed nearer at the end of the summer, we had to make a difficult decision: either (1) to continue working within a seemingly impossible system and postpone publication, or (2) to risk starting the desperately needed publication on time without official sponsorship or on-campus distribution privileges. We chose the latter.

And we've succeeded. After two and a half years we are still here, we have grown in staff and circulation, students like to read us, and we're financially solvent. Better yet, we've created the much-needed open forum for ideas, bringing to light many important issues. In addition, we've involved many, many students in this project who have grown intellectually and spiritually because of

it, and who have gained real-world experience.

Indeed, since the beginning we felt a keen sense of mission with *Student Review*. To keep ourselves on course, we printed that mission long before we ever printed the first paper. We've done much to fulfill our purpose, yet now we feel the need to reiterate our mission to our staff, our readers, and—yes—even our critics.

Certainly, publishing such statements is risky: it gives our critics more ammunition to use when we fail. But on the other hand, we'll accept that risk if it gives our readers more incentive to help us succeed—both as a publication and as a university.

BJ Fogg

Publisher

Merrill Oates

Editor

Student Review Mission Statement

Student Review should serve as an open forum for discussing contemporary issues relevant to the Brigham Young University community. By providing an open forum for ideas, *Student Review* aims to enhance students' abilities to critically evaluate societal events, to integrate their studies into the broader spectrum of life, and to interpret their beliefs and moral standards within the context of the world community.

Statement of Values

As a basis for this mission, *Student Review* holds the following as its greatest values:

- We value an open forum. All Brigham Young University students are equally eligible to submit articles for consideration in *Student Review*.
- We value the moral code and principles of Brigham Young University and its sponsor, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.
- We value responsible community service, high standards of journalistic ethics, and respect for individuals and institutions.

Letters We'd Love to Receive

Everyone has a dream or two they would like to achieve. Some want riches, others fame. Here at the *Review* we have dreams of our own. We'd like to receive a few letters to the editor from folks we admire that are not criticizing, castigating, or threatening legal action. A few of our staff writers—Megan and Michael Mower, Lisa Anderson, and BJ Fogg—have brought this dream to pass with the following letters.

Dear *Student Review*,

As a lawyer and U.S. citizen I love the constitution and the rights granted by this document. As the new BYU president I envision an institution where a free flow of information takes place. I believe that the constitutionally guaranteed freedom of the press is vital in ensuring that this exchange of information and ideas occurs. Therefore, my first act as president will be to approve the distribution of *Student Review* on campus.

My second act will be to make the *Universe* share their office space, their equipment, and, of course, their lush salaries with you.

A faithful reader,
Rex E. Lee

Dear *Student Review*,

Just a quick note to say how much we have enjoyed reading *Student Review*. Each week we would sneak off campus to pick up a copy.

Student Review was more popular in our house than the latest issue of *This People Magazine*. Our daughter Mary played for hours with the Holland paper dolls. Matt used the calendar to plan his special social outings. Duffy, our youngest, found the Eavesdropper hilarious. He even jotted down a few conversations his father and I had about academic freedom at BYU. We did not think they were appropriate to be published.

Jeff always read the paper. He would say to me, "Pat, if I want to know what the students think, I don't task the numerous V.P.s, deans, department chairs, faculty members, or BYUSA—I read the *Review*."

Dear friends, what more can I say in parting than that I felt like a mother to every one of you at the *Review*? Do well, my children. Reach for the stars. Keep up the great work and someday you can enjoy your fondest dreams; you can write for the *Church News* (or at least the *Daily Universe*).

Your friend,
Pat Holland

My Dear Review Staffers,

My company has given computers to schools, buses to senior citizens, and \$50,000 to the Provo Freedom Festival. What could we possibly give you to get you, our most vocal critics, to be our friends?

Sincerely,

Joe Cannon
Pres. Geneva Steel

Our reply would be

Dear Mr. Cannon:

We'd like clean air.

Love,
Student Review

Coming Back to BYU

by BJ Fogg
from 12 Oct. 1988, issue 7

Two police officers dressed in blue stand patient guard at the doors of the administration building. A tired crowd huddles around the steps of the entrance. And in the front of the renegade class walks a bearded man in jeans and a t-shirt. He paces quickly and shouts to the protestors with great emotion, convulsive gestures.

Melanie and I sit on a ledge ten feet away from the border of the crowd. I had told her this was something I wanted to see when I came to Berkeley, and now I am here, watching.

"It's been going on for about two weeks," Melanie tells me. "Only the most diehard hang on, camping out, chanting—that kind of stuff."

I observe carefully, wanting to absorb every movement and every emotion. I'm only in California for a few days, and I'll certainly never see this at BYU.

Most of my high school friends, like Melanie, are here at Berkeley. Others go to Stanford or Davis. Back then I never considered schooling anywhere but BYU. However, in the last few months I've been reconsidering. And Melanie is eager to show me around her school.

A short woman with long brown hair rises to her feet and begins rebuking the bearded leader.

"Sit down! Shut up!" voices in the crowd yell at her.

The bearded man continues with his speech. "We need to become unified, or we will fail," he pleads. "Only with a concerted effort can we force the regents to divest."

I survey the campus in the afternoon sun. To our right, the administration building. The protestors have chained the doors closed and are keeping vigil, some with signs, some with sleeping bags. To our left, the student union. Separating the two buildings is a circular fountain, a centerpiece in the brick-lined plaza. Erratically the water erupts skyward and falls.

"I've got an idea," a backpack-laden student says raising his skinny arm. He stands. "I know when and where the train comes that brings supplies to the university. If we can stop the train—a roadblock or an explosion—then the university will be crippled. They'll have to listen to our demands." A hubbub swells in the crowd.

I lean to Melanie and whisper, "Let me make sure I've got this straight: Roadblock the tracks to stop the train to stop the supplies to cripple the university to force the regents to divest South African holdings to weaken the South African economy to put pressure on the government to stop apartheid?"

"Yep, that's about it," Melanie responds with a shrug, raised eyebrows, and half a smile.

Two black dogs splash through



the fountain. Beyond, a woman in a knit hat pulled tightly over her head makes slow, dreamlike movements as she blows soap bubbles in the air. The bubbles float away, pop. Then she blows more. The "Bubble Lady," Melanie had warned me earlier. She and a host of other campus regulars—like the Polka Dot Man and the Reggae Rocker—come and do their things. Just fixtures on campus. Nobody bothers about their goings or comings.

• • •
"Oh, none of them are students, of course," Melanie says as we drive back home to Fresno. "The Bubble Lady and the like have just hung around since the hippie era. Many of the protestors aren't students either, especially the leaders."

I watch the white highway lines whip by the car window. I hold my breath and count the white blurs . . . fifteen, sixteen—

• • •
"What's BYU like?" Melanie interrupts.

I let my breath out slowly, a long sigh. I don't know quite how to start comparing Berkeley to BYU. They are so different. The aims, the ambience, the attitudes. And I don't want to play the just-returned-from-Zion preacher.

"You know, it's hard to compare—and probably not even fair to. As strange as it might sound, the mission of BYU . . . well . . . is basically spiritual. We don't have your Nobel Prize winners or students who commandeer the administration building. But we do have some very good people."

Seeking for evidence I tell Melanie what happened at school a few weeks earlier:

I was in my apartment eating lunch when someone knocked on the door. I opened it and, not knowing the person, immediately thought, "another magazine salesman."

"Is Brian here?" he asked.

"That's me."

"I found these on our lawn over by

Brick Oven," he said. He handed me my student I.D. and my Visa card.

"Uh, thanks," I muttered, somewhat baffled. He turned and walked away. I quickly remembered when I must have dropped them two days earlier. "Thanks, again! Thanks a lot!" I called down the stairs to him.

I conclude by pointing out the moral: "It didn't even cross my mind that someone might have charged up a Tahitian vacation on my Visa or checked library books out with my I.D.—this was BYU after all." I give after all an overly pious tone for satirical effect. Melanie smiles, apparently amused.

She tells me about student life at Berkeley. Quite a contrast—if not opposite—to BYU.

"Yes, things are different at Berkeley," Melanie ends. "We live in the *real world*," she says with her own emphasis and a smile that I'm not quite sure how to interpret.

• • •
As the plane flies over Utah Valley, approaching Salt Lake from the south, I wonder how I'll get back to Provo. I see the Y on the mountain and wish I could just tell the pilot to let me off here. No such luck. I can always take UTA.

Clusters of missionaries at Salt Lake International assure me I'm in Utah once again. They wait anxiously with family and friends at the departure gates. I remember my own departure to Peru:

I felt nervous, but ready—ready not because I could teach the charlas, but because of something less tangible—maybe the whole MTC experience. Perhaps it was the BYU fifteen-stake fireside three days before we left. After Elder Hinckley spoke, we missionaries, all 2,000 of us seated together in the east end, rose in unison—a huge wall of dark suits, conservative ties, and short hair—and together we sang "Ye Elders of Israel." One burning heart, one joyful voice, one mighty force. That night I

please see BYU on next page

The Real Thing

by Eric Wilson
from 19 October 1988, issue 8

As a section editor of *Student Review*, I often come across those lonely moments of despair when I wonder how I can justify the tremendous amount of time I spend trying to scrape together this paper each week. Most of us at the *Review* probably wonder more than we care to admit if we are doing anything worthwhile. This paper surely has little to do with our eternal salvation, and it definitely cuts back on other things in life that we consider important, like studying, social life, and sleep.

But these moments of doubt and discouragement are far outweighed by the time I spend wondering why more people are not working with us. It was not long after learning of the *Review* that I wanted to get involved. With fear and trepidation I submitted my first article for consideration. After three or four weeks of not hearing anything I assumed that it had been rejected. But as I was walking across campus one day, an acquaintance stopped me to tell me how much he enjoyed my article. I couldn't believe it; I had actually published my first article—ever!

That initial publication occurred towards the end of the first year of the *Review*'s existence. We are now in our [fourth] year, and my involvement has increased gradually the whole time. I have even come to the point where I will consider going to parties with these crazy people (and we have plenty of them). But I still have one overriding question about the *Review*: Why aren't YOU involved?

I guess there could be several reasons. You are scared, insecure, feel you are untalented, have no time, or feel we are an apostate publication. Well, the people who worry me the most are those who are not scared and insecure. As for time, no one has any. And if you think we are an apostate publication (which we grudgingly must deny) you are either not reading this column or are a closet apostate yourself.

I could spout off a lot of rhetoric about why you should be involved, but I think it can all be said in one simple phrase: we are the real thing. So many people are continually complaining that college, especially BYU, is not the real world.

All we do at college is practice doing the things we'll do once we enter that mythical "real world." We practice art so we can become artists; we learn about advertising so we can make it on Madison Avenue; we practice accounting so we can someday balance someone else's books. We write papers and study for tests with the hope that someday this will help us get a job doing something productive. All our efforts seem to be involved in practicing to do the real thing. Whether you enjoy the Universe or not, you must remember that it is essentially a lab paper. It is a way for budding journalists to learn their craft and practice skills involved in putting out a daily newspaper.

At the *Student Review* we are not practicing anything—we're doing it. This is the real thing. No one is overseeing, supervising, or grading us. We sell real ads for real money. We write real articles for real readers. We pay real bills. We create real art. We might not do any of it very well, but we are doing it.

Take some initiative and become involved. It is a way to serve, a way to learn, a way to hone skills which could later help you get a job that actually pays. But most of all it is a way to do the real thing. Remember that we are simply a bunch of semi-organized students trying to do something worthwhile. We love those people who keep annoying us, those people who have ideas and want to put their time and talent to use getting some real experience and having some real fun. So put away your fear and uncertainty and take a risk. YOU are welcome.

This article reflects some of the motivation behind the artists, writers, editors, ad sales reps, and other staff members that has kept *Student Review* going.

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BYU from previous page

couldn't sleep, didn't want to. I sought to savor that feeling, archive it away for future reference. "We're going to the mountains of Ephraim to dwell!"

Walking by the missionaries I quickly look in their faces. I hope to see evidence of experiences like that fireside. They'll need them once out of this airport, in the real world.

One by one the suitcases emerge on the conveyor belt and slide down to a noisy halt on the rotating luggage rack. My blue backpack—the one with the BYU patch on it—just isn't arriving. I smirk as I think about the time I sewed that patch on in good faith. Indeed, I'm not one to wear BYU t-shirts or mar my bumper with a sticker, but I sewed on that BYU patch just before traveling abroad last year. I hoped that patch would open doors and make friends. It did:

My cousin Paul and I were walking the streets of Shanghai. As usual, a curious crowd of Chinese followed us, the pale giants from a land far away, as we went from shop to shop. Few would ever speak. That evening one man approached and whispered in surprisingly good English, "Are you from BYU?" He then asked, "What do you know about the Mormons?"

Paul and I were amazed. The BYU influence had spread even to Shanghai. We cut our shopping plans short and spent the rest of the evening teaching all the discussions packed into one compact lesson. The Chinese man, who had endured the religious ban during the Cultural Revolution, asked so many questions he could hardly sit still to listen to our answers. We promised we'd try to get him a Book of Mormon and more information.

Suitcases keep coming up the conveyor belt, and sliding down, but mine still hasn't materialized. I

think I may be at the wrong baggage claim. I look around. At baggage claim three I spot a familiar face. I don't know the name, but I think he was in my freshman ward.

"Hi," I say. "Weren't you in my ward at D.T. . . ."

Soon I have my backpack—and my ride home.

Ron and I hadn't been close friends back then, but now in the car we have plenty to talk about. He is getting married soon and is going to graduate school in the fall. Though he has done well in school, he hasn't sacrificed service for scholarship. Ron is happy. I can just tell.

• • •

Walking up the hill to campus, I find it hard to believe that just yesterday I was at Berkeley. It seems I never left Provo. I only know that I'm too far behind in my classes, two tests to make up and one paper due Monday. The campus holds a quiet hush, the kind that comes on Friday nights. I enter the north doors of the library, feeling the heavy load of school press on me. But not just school, I have to hometeach this weekend, prepare a lesson for Sunday...the nonacademic list builds in my mind. A seeming burden. I sense energy fleeing from my limbs and dying in a dark blob at the center of my body.

I ascend the library stairs, two at a time in slow, deliberate steps. I pause at the landing to read the scripture written on the wall—anything to delay studying. "And as all have not faith, seek ye diligently and teach one another words of wisdom; yea, seek ye out of the best books words of wisdom; seek learning, even by study and also by faith." Even by study and also by faith, I repeat.

• • •

I finish studying, close my books,

and look at the ceiling. I've worked faster than anticipated. I think of the many hours I've spent in this place, the friends I've studied with. I wonder what Ben and Jesse are doing now. It's strange how we knew each other for such a short time, knew nearly nothing of the personal superficialities, and yet knew each other so deeply. I think of that night we got sidetracked from studying for our philosophy final:

"The question of service isn't at issue here. That's a given," I said. "What's more challenging for me is knowing how to serve."

"It's like the old problem of choosing between going to church, visiting a sick friend, or reading the scriptures," Jesse added.

"A choice between good options," Ben said. "To me it seems the only right way to decide is through personal revelation, but access to that is founded on worthiness."

In our library study room we talked until close about what seemed to be life's key issues: Learning to love, learning to serve, and passionately wanting to do both. We decided everything else—even the commandments and the priesthood—was derivative from these.

And that night for a brief moment it all fit together for me, the whole vision and the complete desire. Jesse, Ben and I all acknowledged we'd fallen short. We told each other we'd change; we'd even report back.

• • •

Still staring at the ceiling, I decide it's too bad that I've lost touch with Ben and Jesse, yet I realize we'll always be close, somehow. I put my books in my pack. This is one night I won't have to hear Hawaii Five-O breaking the library silence. I almost smile when I pass back by the scripture over the landing, not daring to stop and read it again. But the words come back, "and also by faith."

Once outside the library doors, I notice the air is cooler, the night much darker. In front of the library, lights illuminate the Tree of Wisdom sculpture. The light climbs from the ground, not quite reaching the top of the white campus centerpiece. Three or four students walk around and between the sections of the sculpture, exploring the passageways and casting personal shadows. I remember how the Tree of Wisdom puzzled me when I first came to BYU. Now I really like it, especially tonight. I watch how the Tree seemingly changes shape as I walk by. Yet I know the Tree itself always stays the same—solidly the same.

A few people pass by me on the sidewalk, people probably a lot like me. I hear laughter in the distance. I decide that maybe I won't leave BYU after all. No, I certainly won't get chained buildings, or bursting bubbles, or political roadblocks here, but I will find something more vital: good people, learning to love God and serve their fellow man. Not always succeeding, but never giving up.

The final song of the Carillon Tower bids goodnight: "Come, come, ye Saints; no toil nor labor fear; but with joy, wend your way." Ten slow chimes follow. Just ten o'clock. There's still time to call home and say I got back okay and all is well. Yes, all is well.

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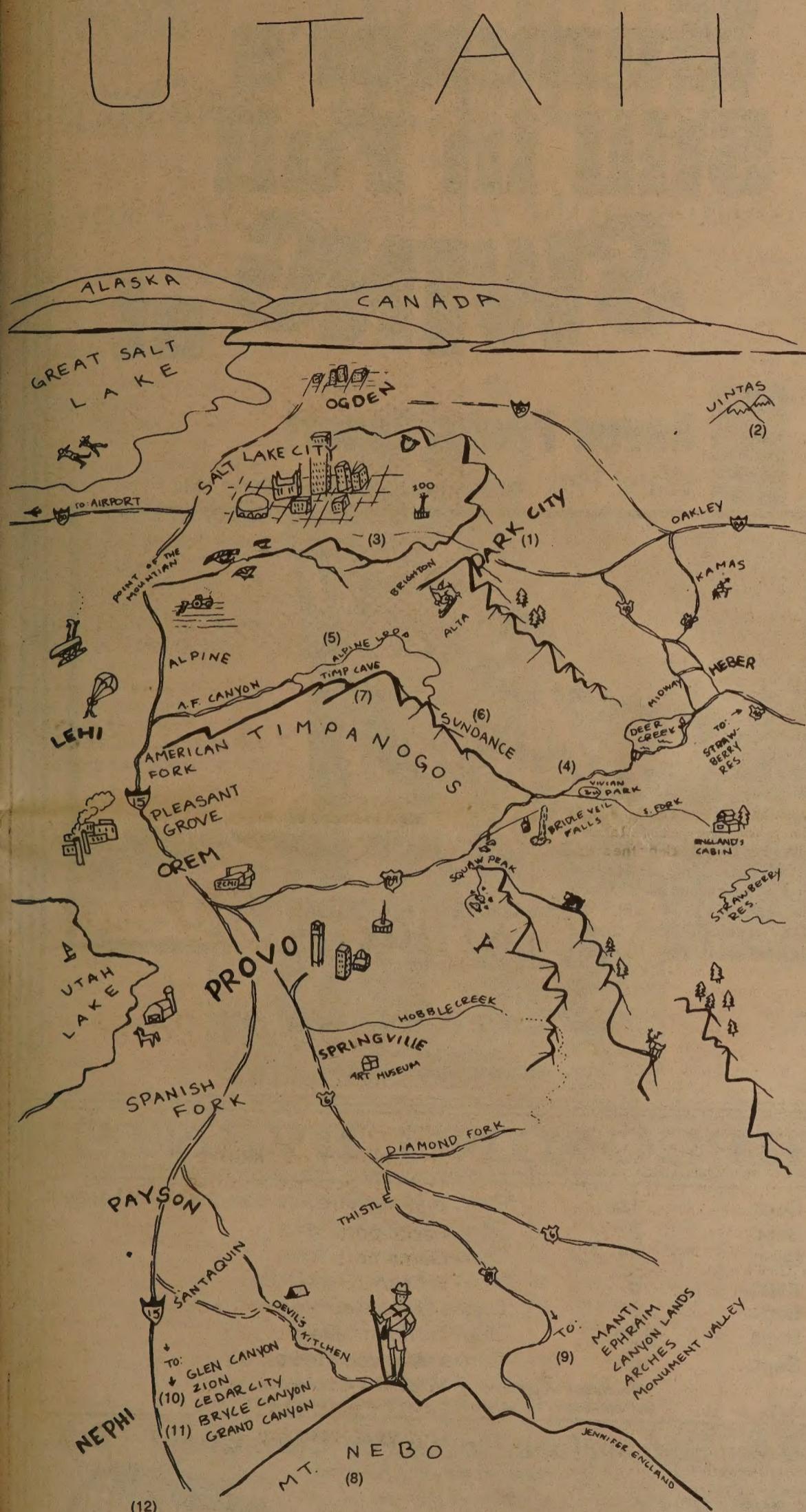
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Getting Out

A Guide to the Surrounding Area



1) Park City (State Road 40 north of Heber)

Nestled in the mountains north of Heber on State Road 40, Park City is very nice for a day or weekend getaway. Popular summer pastimes include the Alpine Slide, celebrity watching, touristy shopping, hiking, or just wandering in the mountains. Park West features open air summer concerts, with this summer including Howard Jones, Oingo Boingo, and Bob Dylan.

2) High Uintas

East on Route 150 east of Halistone and Kamas.

3) Little and Big Cottonwood Canyons

Snowbird and Alta ski and summer resort areas. Solitude and Brighton ski resort areas.

4) Hike from Alta to Brighton

A gentle afternoon hike up to Sunset Peak and down past a number of lakes and small glaciers. Fairly easy path, but trails are not so well marked. Best to have someone pick up hiking party at Brighton to avoid rehiking the trail.

5) Provo Canyon

Take Route 189 along the Provo River to drive up the canyon. Provo Canyon has many scenic attractions including Bridal Veil Falls, The Heber Creeper, South Fork, Deer Creek Reservoir, and leads to the wonderful little town of Heber. There are several picnic and recreation areas along the way, including Vivian Park, Glen Canyon, and exciting South Fork.

6) Alpine Scenic Loop

Drive around the back side of Timp for a refreshing view of mountain scenery and National Forest. The access route to Sundance, Aspen Grove, Timp trails, Timpanogos Cave, and Timpanokie campground. Great for a view of the Autumn leaves. About one and a half hours drive.

7) Sundance

Robert Redford's canyon resort is a beautiful place to visit all year round. Besides the gourmet Tree Room restaurant, there is a nice picnic area for daytime fun and relaxation, (fee depends on group size). In the evening, the Sundance Summer Theater features nightly open-air performances.

8) Aspen Grove

The main trail to Mt. Timpanogos begins here. The peak is also accessible from the Timpanokie campground on the other end of the Alpine Loop. Past Sundance up the canyon, Aspen Grove has very nice campgrounds and plenty of gorgeous land to explore. The Theater in the Pines, an open performance arena, is located here.

9) Mt. Timpanogos Summit hike

Beginning at Aspen Grove, the Timp hike is an enjoyable trek for hikers of all levels. For the less ambitious, the trail is paved for about a half-hour, and leads to some lovely falls. For a slightly more strenuous hike, Emerald Lake is 8.5 km (5.3 mi.) from the trailhead, or about 3 1/2 hours at a moderate pace on a well-marked, not too difficult trail. For the "all or nothing" hard-core hikers, it is another two hours to the peak. It takes about half as long to come down as it does to go up. The Timp hike features breathtaking landscape and a great escape from the heat.

10) Timpanogos Cave National Monument

A one mile paved path leads you 1000 ft. up from the parking lot and visitor's center below the cave to the cave entrance itself. Forest service guides lead tours (max. 20 persons) through every 15 minutes. The trip from the base through the beautiful but chilly (45°) cave and back takes about three hours. The cost is \$3 for adult, \$2 for children.

11) Mt Nebo scenic loop

Heading south, the Wasatch range has incredible scenery through the Mt. Nebo area. The 32 mile paved loop begins in Payson and ends near Nephi. Along the way are many camping and picnicking areas, Payson lakes, the geologically impressive Devil's Kitchen Area, and, of course, the majestic Mt. Nebo. Take your camera on this beautiful scenic drive.

12) Manti

Home of one of the older and most beautiful temples, Manti is the small Utah town you read about. It is quiet and picturesque in the middle of the long agricultural Sanpete valley. About a 1 1/2 hour drive from Provo, the country is beautiful. Especially the turkeys.

13) Zions Canyon

One of the most thrilling and memorable places in the nation, Zion Canyon is certainly Utah at its scenic best. The magnificent red cliffs tower above the forested canyon floor, and the lovely Virgin River runs through it all. Drive through the canyon, day-hike on the many paths and picnic areas, hike the narrows or camp; whatever you do, go there.

14) Cedar Breaks

Peaking into Zion Canyon from the mountains above Cedar City, Cedar Breaks is a lovely mountain area with meadows, wildflowers, and short hike and picnic areas. Brianhead ski resort is also in this area, and it is all accessible on paved roads from Cedar City.

15) Bryce Canyon

Another of Utah's finest National Parks, Bryce is geologically and aesthetically amazing. A slightly longer drive, but worth the trip. Camping, picnicking and hiking areas are found in abundance.

16) Las Vegas

City of Love and Romance, Las Vegas is a 7 hour drive from Provo. Cheap rooms, cheap food and good company make it great for the occasional weekend getaway.

J.C., J.E., & meO.

Special thanks to the
Unita National Forest Information center,
100 N. 100 W. in Provo.

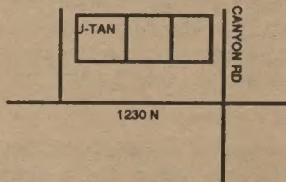


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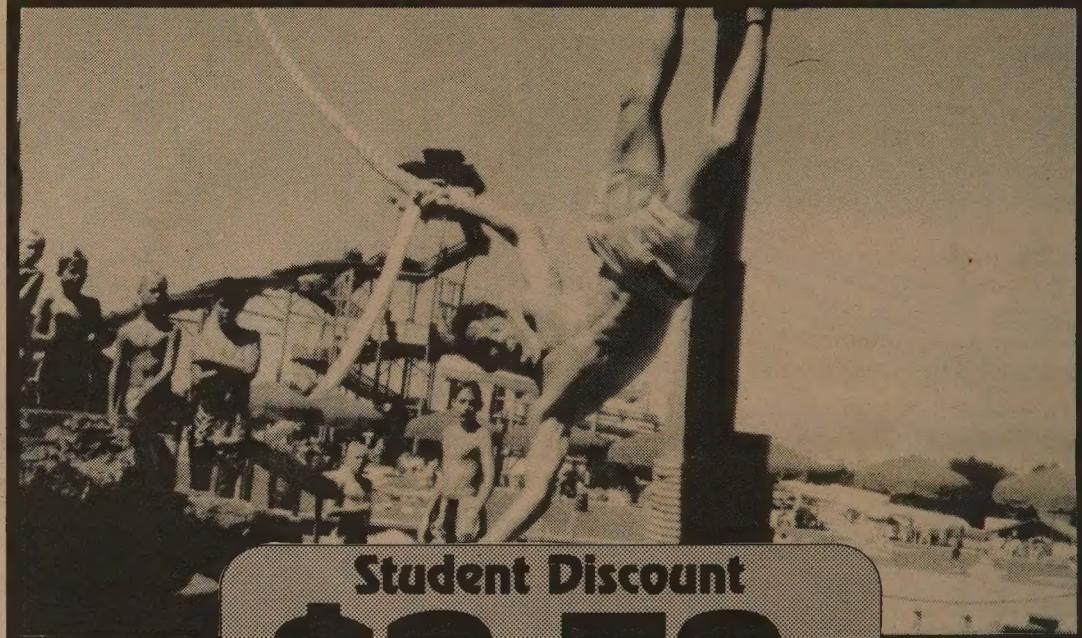
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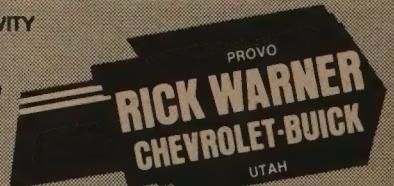
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"Hail Mary, full of Grace, the Lord is with thee. Blessed are you amongst women and blessed is the fruit of your womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death. Amen."

by Donna Chase
from Aug. 1989, issue 31

It was not the first time I had found myself in this position. I lay curled up in a fetal ball, crying out in pain—not a physical pain but a wrenching emotional pain. The only thing I could think to do was to say "Hail, Mary," a prayer I learned when I was a Catholic. Saying that prayer helped and comforted me. The only problem was I was no longer a Catholic—I was Mormon now.

As a Catholic growing up in predominantly Mormon Ogden, Utah, I enjoyed being different; in fact, I thrived on it. I was never ostracized or treated poorly because of my different faith, as my brothers and sisters had been. I was my peers' Catholic friend, which they proudly announced to their families.

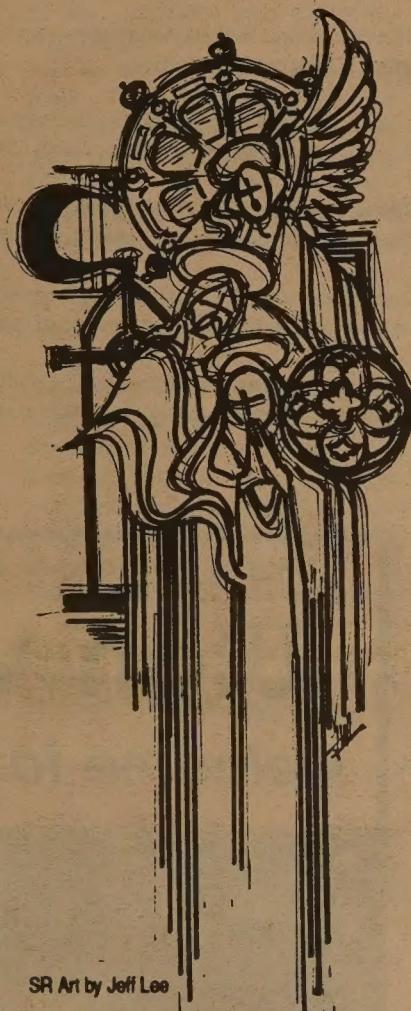
Attending Catholic church services in my childhood consisted of having mini-battles with my brother and sisters, peeling wax off the candles we carried, tying knots in the palm branches on Palm Sunday, and seeing who could keep the communion wafer on the roof of their mouth the longest before it dissolved.

From the time I played Mary in the Christmas mass, I wanted to be a nun or fill a vocation. As I walked down the aisle of our church during that mass, carrying a doll that was supposed to be baby Jesus, wearing a veil around my head, and trying to avoid holding Joseph's hand (I was seven), I felt a love for God.

I have always felt a desire to act out that faith and love for my God. At home we performed pretend masses. Of course, I was the priest because I was the oldest. We also acted out the Bible stories and parables, donning robes to fit the part.

Before I could receive my first communion I had to make my first confession. My mom took me to St. Joseph's downtown, a much larger church than my regular parish. The ornate building added to the splendor of the services with its stained-glass windows, huge lifelike statues, massive alter, and large pillars. The wooden pews groaned whenever we shifted in our seats, and the floor creaked even when nobody was walking.

As I sat waiting for my turn to confess, I frantically went over exactly what I was supposed to say.



no snow, but it was brisk. I began to run. As I came over a rise in the mountain and jumped off a ridge of rocks, I landed in the middle of a herd of deer. They all bounced off in a scatter. Feeling the wonderment and confusion of that moment, I reached toward the sky and yelled at the top of my lungs "God!"

As the years past, my desire to act out my love for God grew stronger. I went alone to the chapel often. I would light candles at the base of the statue of Mary and pray for her intercession on my behalf. Sometimes I would just talk to her. I felt calm there. After praying for awhile, I would kneel and listen, half expecting one of those statues to talk back to me. Sometimes I would even fall asleep in the corner of the building.

By age 19, quite a few things had happened in my life, including a strong experience that converted me to the *Book of Mormon*. After my baptism, a group of men enclosed me in a circle to confirm me a member of the Church. At that moment I felt the love and approval of God, as I had during those days in the chapel with a lighted candle in front of me.

I no longer had my parents' approval, but I felt strongly about my decision. The night of my baptism I wrote in my journal how happy I was. I felt I was flying. One week later I wrote how the flying feeling had left, how I had come down off that high, and how I crash landed into real life.

I then moved into an apartment with my friend and attended a ward for young adults. The honey-tasting wafer used for communion had been replaced by torn-up slices of Wonderbread. The priest and his robes were replaced by a bishop in a suit. Humiliated, I ran out of the chapel. I wandered through a field that lead to the mountain. There was

The ceremony of the mass was replaced by people like me giving talks about their personal experiences. Church was every Sunday, but never on holy days. And new things were asked of me. The first time someone asked me to pray for a class (out loud, with no memorization!), I stood up and—trying not to panic—walked out of the room.

At 22, I decided to serve a mission. This, I thought, was my chance to finally fulfill my desire to serve God in a vocational way. It was on a mission that I learned all that was involved in being Mormon.

I know my decision at age 19 was right for me. I am once again as deeply immersed in my religion as I was growing up. My desire to show my love for God remains the same. I feel good about the commitment I have made, yet sometimes I am uncomfortable with my longing for Catholic traditions. I still crave the quiet solitude of a chapel with candles, the special holy days, and especially the ritual of the mass.

Ironically, I am reminded most of those things when I feel the quiet love and peace of my Father in Heaven while meditating during the sacrament or while reading the scriptures. The religion of my past and the religion of my present seem so separate and yet so alike. How can I straddle two worlds that are incompatible in so many ways?

I had dinner the other night with an old Catholic friend, who I hadn't seen in four years. He said I wasn't truly a Mormon; he said I'd always

be Catholic. That bothered me. Later, I realized he was not completely wrong; I think a part of me will always be Catholic—I cannot deny that I still say "Hail, Mary" when I hurt.

Donna's article is one of the first to appear in one of Student Review's new sections entitled Reflections on the Restored Gospel.

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ISSUES

A Day in Ulster

by Steve Jackson
from 9 Nov. 1988, issue 11

It had been Kerry O'Neil's suggestion that I spend the day with his brother Peter on his insurance rounds.

"It will be a good way for you to see what the pretty part of Northern Ireland looks like," Derry had said, with a cynical sneer that must have been in the family for centuries. Kerry's face then quickly changed into the most laughing of Irish smiles.

"But a warning to ye, Brother Jackson. Be ye careful in those small border towns. If Peter says to stay in a certain part of the street, do as he says. Even if ye look just a wee bit suspicious, it might mean trouble."

For the past five days my routine had been walking into Port Stewart along a steep trail chiseled out of the cliff and then making my way back to the O'Neil's house along the rocks on the beach, barely beating the encroaching tide. The beach was always deserted, lonely with the cold, hard wind slapping the waves of the Atlantic against the rocks. The chilling wet air suspended over Ireland's February was accompanied by an endless procession of clouds moving inland from across Donegal and the Inishowen Head.

I felt lost in some mysterious Celtic land. My horizon stretched only a few miles in each direction, to cliffs, clouds, beach, quaint store fronts, and sea. Everyday I faced the wind, bending like the grass on the hill above the rocky inlet. I was caught up in a constant flux of nature. All around me was wild and beautiful.

But I had seen almost too much beauty. All that gazing into the vanishing point of sky and sea had brought me to the point of aesthetic satiation. I needed to see people and buildings. I needed to hear conversation. I needed to see another part of Ireland.

Peter O'Neill sat exhausted in the car seat. His eyes were relaxed as the morning sun began to melt away the slickness of last night's storm. He fidgeted in his seat, and appeared ready to lapse into that very private art of Irish conversation. Though we had not said much, I felt we were friends.

Peter queried me about my own home, family, and religion, and then related his own childhood and teenage years as a Protestant in Northern Ireland. Eventually our conversation moved to the terrible things happening in Ireland. I had read



SR art by Brian Kubarycz

enough in the newspapers to know about the terrorist IRA and the constant conflicts between Catholic and Protestant, Loyalist and Nationalist. But that had been only history—not the same as living it.

"This first place we're going to is Newtonstewart. Along the way you'll see remnants of what those IRA bastards have done to their own people—blown up buildings, bombed out and abandoned cars, barricaded police stations. And you'll see the Queen all over the place—British troops patrolling the towns in armored cars, their machine guns at the ready, always wary of IRA snipers—" Peter's voice momentarily trailed off as though he realized for the first time the horror his words revealed about his lovely Ireland.

We were slicing through a part of Ireland that was, as Kerry had promised, indeed lovely and full of natural beauty—pine trees and hedges, rolling hills, farms, fields divided by rock fences, ponds and rivers. But I sensed something terrible amidst all the beauty. ahead on the horizon, the mist was fighting its losing battle against the sun. Ahead of me the border between the Republic of Ireland and Northern Ireland invisible separated an island people.

The border town of Newtonstewart offered me nothing more than simplistic rural charm. No bombs, no soldiers, no terrorism. Peter told me it was peculiar town, where people would just park their cars in the middle of the road while they were shopping.

"Dinner time is the worst, because

everyone comes in from the fields and there's cars parked all over the place—a fellow can't even drive his car through town," he said with a little annoyance. "We'll get us a spot near the pub where's we can eat a good shepherd's pie. I'll not be long with this client here, so whilst I'm gone just stay in the car."

Dinner consisted of a huge plate of mashed potatoes with gravy and a meat pie made up of, I discovered three mouthfuls later, rabbit. The stoical regulars were quite intrigued by the rarity of sharing their room with a stranger—and American even. Their unasked questions swirled in the air, mixing with the smoke from their cigarettes. I felt like standing up, clearing my throat, and explaining to them how I happened to find myself in a quaint Ulster pub, happily gnawing on rabbit pie. But the waitress brought the bill and any chances of a speech vanished as quickly as Peter's money. I assured the waitress that the meal had been very good—embarrassed at the hard clanking of my American accent.

Back in the driver's seat, with a full stomach, Peter expressed more of his feelings about the strife between the two countries.

"The whole thing's so stupid," he said angrily. "Nobody gives a damn about what Father O'Reilly says anymore. The Catholics are out of control. The IRA is fighting a losing battle, because even though a lot of people in Northern Ireland are deeply Irish, and in favor of unification,

Please see Ulster on next page

I, Too, Have a Dream

by Spencer J. Condie
from 18 January 1989, issue 16

I have a dream of a city upon a hill... I have a dream that someday BYU will become a great university...

I have a dream that someday freshmen will attend general education classes smaller than their hometowns.

I have a dream that someday, at semester's end, students will keep their textbooks for future reference.

I have a dream that someday the Deseret String Quartet will perform in the Marriott Center, while Billy Joel plays in the Varsity Theater.

I have a dream that someday conversations at the Courthouse will be about great books, not good looks.

I have a dream that someday students will be more conversant with Kant, Kipling, and Kierkegaard, than with Cher, Sade, or Schwarzenegger.

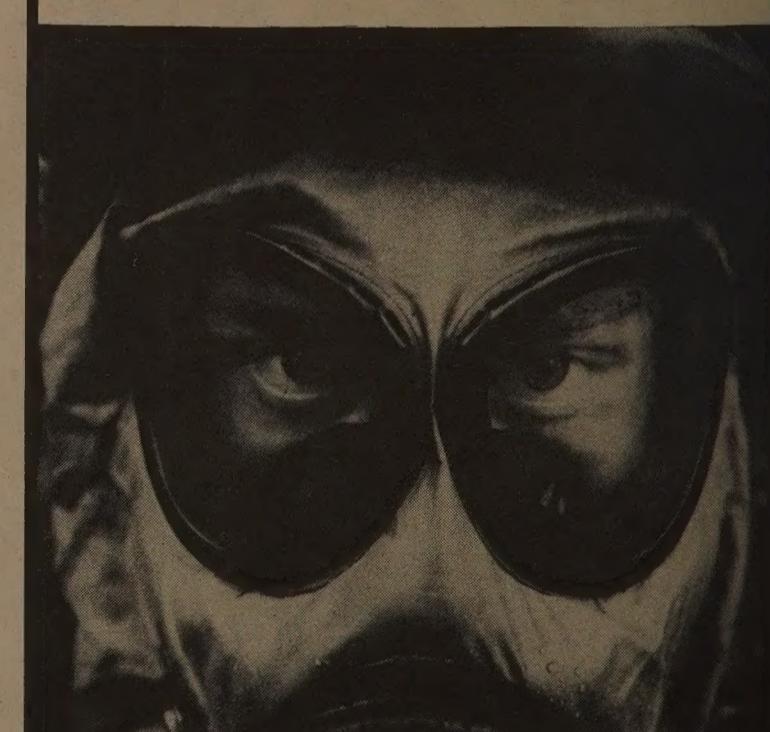
I have a dream that someday students will be judged by the content of their character, not the decor of their condominiums.

I have a dream that someday students will be valued for their eternal worth, not for points scored on exams or in games.

After writing this article Spencer J. Condie was called to the second Quorum of Seventy. He was formerly a professor of sociology and religion at BYU.

Utah Valley

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Ulster from previous page

tion, they're not about to give up their higher standard of living for the sake of the entire country being painted up in orange, white, and green. They'll get all excited about nationalism and anti-repression and 'get the British soldiers out of Ireland,' until it comes time to settle the bar tab—a pint of beer costs almost double in the Republic of Ireland. Why should an Irishman living in Northern Ireland give up his better standard of living if it won't make him any more Irish?"

As the border city of Strabane reared up in front of us I again felt a sickening uneasiness—knowing this is a place where people get killed. Peter pointed out the British soldiers patrolling the streets, machine guns clenched against possible threats.

"You'll be wise to not tell anyone what you're doing in Strabane," Peter said matter-of-factly. "This town is a main hide-out for IRA terrorists and sympathizers—that's why the soldier activity is so high here. If anyone asks you, tell them you're an American student just traveling. They'll not bother you if they know you're an American."

I promised to meet Peter back at the car in a hour and proceeded to find my way through the cold, dirty streets of Strabane. I tried to blend into the crowd of Irish shoppers but my innocence gave me away. I passed by storefront windows, each showing its own silent form of sadness. Tape on a window tried to heal the wound from an angrily hurled rock.

I was startled when two British soldiers came reeling around the corner, careening past me. Their

faces were taut, grim, emotionless. With fingers on the triggers of their automatic machine guns they walked in practiced unison, back-to-back down the street, their eyes scanning the tops of roofs for any movement. They were a constant reminder to the rebel terrorist that this piece of Irish soil was still part of England—God save the Queen.

I walked quietly along a muddy river, my eyes down on the sidewalk in front of me. At the north edge of town I noticed light poles and curbs painted in alternating red, white, and blue—signs of British loyalty. This was the predominantly Protestant section of Strabane. To cross this line, as a known IRA or Catholic supporter, would invite upon your person rocks, bricks, broken glass, and ax handles—your life could easily become one more of those lost in that ridiculous Irish oxymoron "fighting for peace."

I ventured beyond, crossing the river. Here the street lights and curbs were painted in orange, green and white, the colors of the Irish flag. The tenant houses stood cold, block-like, in geometric order that induced social suffocation. Scruffy children with snot-nosed faces and ripped out shoes played football with a tattered ball in the street, their cries of excitement echoing through the heavy depression in the air. These children would grow up hating their Protestant neighbors, fighting with them in the back alleys, cursing them beneath their breath in the marketplace, praying for their Catholic God to somehow deliver them from the hands and guns of their oppressors.

Great sheets of rain were now falling. I made my way back to the car. All this rain, this unprejudiced water, sent as if a cleansing from heaven

to wash the colors off the curbs and the blood off the streets.

Peter was glad to have me back in the car. "Didn't want to have to come fish your body out of the river," he laughed, and then lamented, "Strabane's a depressing place. It's got the highest murder rate in Northern Ireland. Too many people dying for nothing—it's all so stupid."

As we made our way up the A5 to Derry, I asked Peter more about his childhood. He had been raised Protestant in Belfast but had still managed to have Catholic friends.

"Our parents taught us to be kind to everyone," Peter said. "We never really understood all the violence." He told me about coming home from school once and hearing that his friend's father had been killed by an IRA bomb near a local market.

The man was an innocent bystander, he had no sympathies either way for Catholic or Protestant. Just Irish. That's the problem with the whole thing, innocent people get killed. It's not safe to drive in the country anymore for fear of a bomb going off or a sniper shooting you." Peter seemed to want to talk more, as though maybe he had the solution to the whole problem. But he sensed my uneasiness upon our entering Derry, and he once again offered me some helpful advice.

The real name of Derry is Londonderry, but if you call it that in a Catholic part of town you might get a rock in your face. So you're better off just calling it Derry. The Prod's won't care, especially if they know you're an American. Better yet, don't talk at all. Just keep moving and you'll be okay."

Peter parked the car next to a magnificent guildhall and went off

to meet his last clients of the day. I walked up the merry High Street, past food markets with imported lemons shrivelling up in the cold afternoon air, past news agencies with headlines about a recent sniper attack, and past clothing stores boasting Irish linen and Donegal tweed.

From the center of town I could see the Walls of Derry, dirtied by the soot of factories and marred by the graffiti of a tortured generation. The Walls told of Ireland's conflict in living color: the sentiments of a people torn between loyalty to their country, island, and heritage, and loyalty to the power of the pound, the security of economics.

But it seemed to me there was no victor in any of this, as I watched rouge-cheeked Catholic school children with flaming red hair and innocent green eyes walking home from school along the street patrolled by British soldiers in armored tanks.

Two days before, a Protestant Ulsterman had been shot in his car while crossing the bridge over the River Foyle—an act the IRA openly admitted committing.

Derry, because of its closeness to the border and its British roots, has been the center of violent conflict between Protestants and Roman Catholics since 1968. The city had no hope, no sparkle, as though life had been sucked from it.

I wondered about the youth in Derry. The town seemed to offer little promising employment. Getting an education would mean leaving Derry and partially severing family ties. To stay in Derry and pretend to believe in the "fight for peace" seemed more depressing.

I sat on a bench and watched the shadows of the winter's afternoon

slowly fade. I thought about the older generation. All afternoon, tight-fisted Irish women had bit their lips against the wind and marched past me, their grocery carts pulled behind them with a humorous yet serious demeanor. What did they think about their families being involved, voluntarily or not, in the kill-or-be-killed mentality anciently ingrained in the Irish lifestyle? And what about the me, slowly ticking their life's moments away in some factory or patiently sowing and reaping the farms that have been in their families for centuries, all of them scratching their unshaven faces at the corner pub, waiting for the next pint to dull their senses from reality.

I sat waiting for Peter, absorbed in my pathos, frustrated that there was no human answer here. I wanted to be concerned, to care, so somehow make things fair. I realized, as I mulled the events of my day in my mind I had been an innocent onlooker all day, catching a fleeting glimpse of what these people saw ever day of their lives.

As I looked out the window at all those Irish lives passing by, my only comfort came from knowing that I would soon be back in Kerry O'Neill's living room, with a warm fire burning and his family asking me about my day. Tomorrow I would wander the cliffs near Dunluce castle, listen to the ancient sound waves pounding the foam against the black rocks, and hear the terns and gulls cry as they pitched and wheeled in the constant wind on the northern coast. I would be content then to meditate on the natural beauty of the Emerald Isle, and welcome the enduring green landscape that softens the harshness of the society it surrounds.

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BYU's Drop Policy: Drop It?

by Jared Stone
from 22 February 1989, issue 21

In the BYU Office of Admissions and Records a sign reads, "BYU Admissions and Records—We Aim to Please." Many BYU students see the sign and wonder.

To be sure, the University's drop policy, charging fees when students drop classes, has caused controversy. A BYUSA presidential candidate made its reform a part of his platform, Director of Registration and Records Gene F. Priday, refuses to discuss it, and nearly every BYU student has felt its monetary impact. At any rate, it seems that a reevaluation of the University's drop policy is past due.

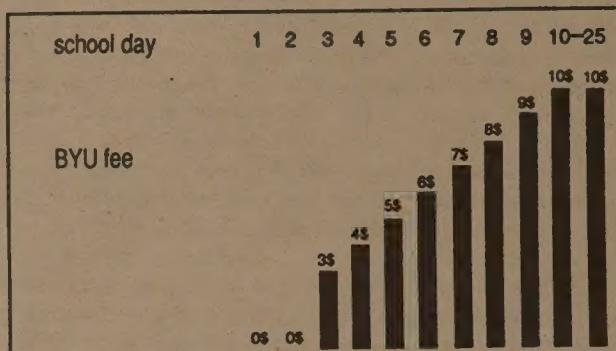
Up until fall 1983, BYU students had seven days to drop classes without penalty. During those seven days, students could attend a class at least two or three times before deciding to continue or drop. After that first week, they paid a flat \$3 fee to drop classes.

In fall 1983, the University changed to the graduated fee system that is currently used (please see accompanying graph). Beginning on the third day of class, students must pay a fee which increases every day thereafter for the first 10 school days. Then, students have 15 more school days to drop classes before they must petition to drop. The petition is only valid with the instructor's signature and if the student has a passing grade. After the first 10 days, dropped classes are noted on the grade report and transcript by "W," denoting an official withdrawal. After 25 school days, if a student is not passing a course when he withdraws, he receives a "WE," denoting withdrawal while failing. If he withdraws after 12 weeks into the semester, he receives a "UW," denoting an unofficial withdrawal. The "UW" and "WE" are equivalent to failing grades.

In a recent survey, six western universities were asked about their respective drop policies (please see accompanying chart). BYU's drop policy is the most stringent when compared to others. For example, Stanford University students may drop classes up until 24 hours before the final examination without any fees, signatures, or marks on their transcript. The only universities surveyed which charge a fee to drop were UC Berkeley and UCLA. These schools charge a flat fee of \$5 and \$3 respectively after three weeks of classes. BYU charges \$3 on the third day of classes. Even University of Utah students drop classes free of charge.

The graduated fee schedule, which none of the surveyed universities uses, and the notification on the transcript ("W" and "UW") are probably the two most questioned mandates within the current drop policy. Let's examine both.

The graduated fee system has generated much controversy. After



all, it only allows students one day, and in some cases none, to evaluate the class and the professor without paying a fee. Most students who have fallen victim to BYU's system have later questioned its purpose. Does the University really need the extra money?

When asked about the policy, Robert W. Spencer, dean of Admissions and Records, simply said, "It [the graduated fee schedule] was not done to raise money for the university." The money from drop fees goes into a general university fund. The amount of money collected and where the money goes is "confidential information" according to the Office of Financial Services. However, considering the number of students at BYU and the immediacy with which the fee takes effect, the sum is definitely significant.

No, the supposed purpose of the graduated fee system is to get students to drop classes as soon as possible so that other students can add the classes.

Spencer continued, "The graduated fee is doing exactly what it was intended to do—it has pushed the drops to the front end of the semester." But to many who would like to have more time in class to evaluate their courses, this seems a high price to pay.

Jearlene Leishman, a BYU Registration counselor, also commented that, "It is not an inherent right to be able to attend a class before it is added or dropped." Although one can spend much time checking out everything from watermelons to car stereos before purchasing them, at BYU one has no right to attend a class before it is added or dropped. Something seems wrong.

Students come to BYU to obtain the best education, but at times they may be forced to take potluck by being stuck in a class or with a professor they do not like. Attending a class before it is added or dropped should be an inherent right.

The second problem with the drop policy is the "W" and "UW" indication on the transcript. Like the graduated fee system, these marks' purposes are also dubious. Why does the "W" or "UW" need to be noted at all? Leishman said, "We are a keeper of the records. The 'W' and 'UW' marks are an accurate indication of a student's academic history."

Certainly, it is important for the university to keep precise records, but why on the transcript that gets

sent to potential employers? Aren't we supposed to be working together?

Leishman continued, "If students could drop freely for any reason without any accountability, it would hurt the credibility of the whole university." Stanford's drop policy does not include indications of dropped classes on its transcripts, but it was ranked the number one undergraduate university in the nation by *U.S. News and World Report* in 1987. Apparently, their drop policy hasn't hurt their credibility.

But honestly, is a "W" really that bad? Leishman said, "We don't see the "W" as a negative. It is an accurate depiction of what happened." However, in the University Bulletin, a "W" is listed as a negative in the same category as "E's," "UW's," "WE's" and "I's." Leishman believes that students interpret the "W" wrongly, contributing to their negative view of it. She does not think students should worry if they have one or two "W's" in terms of future employment. According to her, "Students can explain the circumstances to the interviewer, if necessary."

Unfortunately, the appearance of your transcript often plays a role in determining whether or not you even get an interview. Also, if there is such a misconception about "W's" among the students here at BYU, imagine what potential employers, independent of BYU, must think. It seems a bit unresponsive for the University to recognize people's misconceptions about the "W" and to do nothing to eliminate it.

There is hope, however. Ironically, the current drop policy was recommended by a group of students in 1983. As flawed as it is, students may still be able to change it.

If a group of students in 1983 could revamp the entire drop policy, then a group of students in 1989 can certainly do the same. The office of Admissions and Records is willing to hear and seriously consider student opinion. With a moderate amount of student initiative, change is possible.

Our years at BYU are limited. The University is here for us. A coherent, popular drop policy which encourages true responsibility, like those of other universities, would certainly add to the well-being of the student body and open doors to a better individualized education. It would also make BYU's "aim to please" much straighter and truer.

SCHOOL	FEES	TIME PERIOD FOR DROPPING	INDICATION ON TRANSCRIPT
BYU	graduated fees	First 12 weeks of class	W after 2 weeks UW after 12 weeks
U of U	None	ANY TIME	W after 2 weeks
Stanford	None	Up to 24 hours before the final	None
Berkeley	\$5 after 3 weeks	ANY TIME	None
UCLA	\$3 after 3 weeks	ANY TIME	None
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Why We Do What We Do

by Miles Jacoby
from 12 April 1989, issue 28

If, from the title, you expect another apology for pursuing an education that aims at the accumulation of a disproportionate share of the world's wealth, you are mistaken. You are similarly incorrect in expecting a renunciation of any activity that brings to us the world's goods. These topics have already been treated many times on the pages of Student Review.

And if you are still repeating to yourself and your friends the old chestnut about getting rich "to help the Lord," go to the back of the class—the Primary Class—because your education has a gap in it somewhere. You should already have discovered that God doesn't need favors from anyone. What God needs cannot be purchased with any means of exchange: men and women who know what is in their hearts and have the courage to act upon it. This should be why we do what we do.

For quite some time I have been puzzled by the fact that a religious society such as Mormonism that is so concerned about "following the Spirit" gives little attention to how this is done on an interior level.

"Wait a minute," I can hear you say as the hair on the back of your neck rises, "we hear this all the time." Yes, we do, but the operative word in my statement was "interior."

One of the unfortunate inheritances of the Western Christian Church from the crumbling remains of the Roman Empire was an obsession with legalism, where compliance to spiritual (read interior) forms were gauged by outward expressions. Western culture has never been free of this external rationale for measuring behavior.

Mormonism, growing up mainly in the United States, has also been influenced by this heritage. Yes, we do hear a lot of "how to's" for spiritual activities or decisions: "getting the Spirit," "gaining Salvation," "qualifying for the Celestial Kingdom," or even "finding a spouse." Each is accompanied by a neat list of four or six or ten points, too easily evaluated by external compliance.

Those who seek intense spiritual (again, read interior) lives and who have lived outside of our comfortable Valley of Unchallenged Assumptions quickly find spirituality checklists to be wanting.

It is ironic that we circumvent these vitally internal matters with glib, legalistic justifications for what we do, invoking scriptures or authorities for support. We often use our vast resource of scriptures and teachings to hang ourselves in a juristic noose.

Years of observation have led me to conclude that in this respect Mormons are not much different than other Christians; we just have more books and 150 years of confer-

ence talks to abuse, to justify our vain ambitions, and to argue whatever point strikes our fancy. Try it sometime, if you already haven't. You can waste hours, days, even years finding outward arguments to all kinds of conflicting ideas. A Mormon skilled in this art can make even a Jesuit shake in his cassock.

How is it, then, that we can find out why we do what we do? We must look inside ourselves for answers. We must constantly examine, evaluate, challenge, and explore interior life. Christianity does have paths that rise above Roman legalism. One such path that leads to a greater understanding of the inner-self is contemplation.

If you don't like the term contemplation, find another one that suits you, such as inner guidance, search for your true self, meditation, or whatever. The objective is still the same—to understand, with God's assistance, from the deepest and most honest parts of yourself why you do what you do, and to find courage to change if the exterior is out of synchronization with the interior.

I often ask myself why it is that so many of us feel we are "inspired" to pursue activities that just happen to also gain us so much of the world's loot and hefty praise. I can't help wondering why I don't encounter more Mother Theresa's among the best and the brightest of Mormonism. Is God really telling a whole generation of students, heavily underwritten by the tithes of the faithful, to make a bundle in the world's marketplace?

Those we characterize as "worldly" are equally "anxiously engaged" in the same "good cause." Having spent a good number of years among those pursuing money as a vocation, I saw my share of people with twisted hearts—people twisted, not necessarily from money, but from doing something that was not an extension of who they really were.

Francis of Assisi, who after a dramatic conversion at age twenty-two lived a life of simple poverty, wrote that while having possessions was not itself a sin, there was serious sin in possessiveness. And, he continued, the thing over which we exercised the greatest degree of possessiveness was our own hearts, in our unwillingness to yield them to the greater desires of God. Writing some two centuries later, Thomas a Kempis gave the following words to Christ in an imaginary dialogue with a disciple:

"...[Y]ou must frame your desires in accordance with My good pleasure."

ure, and be not a lover of self, but an earnest follower of My will. Desires often inflame you and drive you violently onwards; but consider whether it be My honor or self-interest that moves you most. If I Myself be the cause, you will be content

feeling that seems good is at once to be acted upon, nor is every feeling that runs contrary to your inclinations to be immediately rejected. It is sometimes necessary to restrain even your good intentions and endeavors, lest by over-eagerness your

mind becomes distracted; lest by lack of discipline you cause offence to others; or lest you suddenly become confused and upset by the opposition of others."

The careful reader will have perceived by this point the contradiction between

seeking the will of God from within ourselves while at the same time seeking to conform to the seemingly outward will of God.

Such apparent contradictions are the very center of our personal encounter with God, and one reason why the Judeo-Christian religious tradition still exercises such a grip on the minds of thoughtful men and

women after nearly six millennia of history. It is through this endless dialectic that our inner lives grow rich. Despite our most earnest efforts, the designs of God cannot be easily placed in a neat box, or summed up in convenient checklists. The whole into which his truth can be circumscribed is a great one indeed, and understood often in the most private of ways.

Why do you do what you do? Ask yourself that question and listen for an answer, and then ask the question again. Eventually this exercise will bring a deep and abiding reply. But then you will have to ask for the courage to live by that response. The most sacred, and difficult, moments of my life have occurred through this process.

Only you can really know the answer to your question, and the more genuine it is the more difficult it will be to communicate to all but the most careful of listeners. The things of God can exist in our minds, but one day they are eventually experienced in our hearts. Then they are changed for us forever.

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People and Organizations: Preventing Abuse

by Bonner Ritchie
from 12 April 1989, issue 28

TWENTY YEARS AGO I WAS serving in Germany as a young second lieutenant in the Army. In the middle of the night, as often happened, I received a telephone call to go pick up a couple of soldiers in my platoon who were drunk and in trouble. One of them had been hit by a train, and the other was not terribly rational. As I took them back to the dispensary, I was intrigued and frightened by the comment of the uninjured one, "He's probably better off dead than being a soldier in the Fiftieth Ordinance Company."

As a new platoon leader in that organization, I wondered what my role was going to be. How could I cope with that environment? How could I change that attitude? I think I can trace my beginning as a behavioral scientist to the reflections of that night. I began the process of making a long-term professional commitment—it has been reinforced over the years by many other

rights activism. Driving between West Point and Tupelo, Mississippi, one day with a group of black people who were trying to organize a catfish farm, we were trailed by a pickup truck with no license plate. The person sitting in the right hand seat had a shotgun that he began firing. I was reminded that organizations like the KKK sometimes provide an excuse for people to behave in ways that they might not behave in full public view. With those shots ringing out, I started to think about how you help a group of black farmers who are trying to make a living but are receiving only a third the return of white farmers producing the same product.

I would like to suggest one more explanation for my perspectives—the family I grew up in. I distinctly recall the night when I was a young teenager that my mother either kept me up or stayed up with me—I'm not sure which—most of the night, debating whether or not God's omniscience, foreknowledge, and perfect information took away individual freedom.

As my mother went through a

logical system in favor of loving a group of boys, of which I was one. I have observed my dad as a bishop, a stake president, and a member of a temple presidency. But the most important lesson I have ever learned from him was when I saw him make people more important than organizations as my deacon's quorum advisor.

From that background I arrived at a crusade of great importance to me. While I do not feel that we can make organizations safe for people, I think we can help people protect themselves from organizational abuse. By doing so, we can free people to develop their creative potential using the organization as a resource, rather than as a limiting force. I would hope that we can make our organizations (especially the Church) more effective tools for noble purposes.

This is especially important in a contemporary world where we so often see a dichotomy between a self-indulgent narcissistic approach to organizations, on the one hand, and the noble dream of the idealist on the other. The individual and the organization are not inevitably pitted against each other, but there is always the high probability of a negative effect which must be guarded against.

It should be clear at this point that I feel there is no such thing as a perfect organization. The Church is a means for the development of people. One of the most indicting comments I have heard about the Church is that the two best organizations on the earth are the Prussian Army and the Mormon Church. As a kid I used to cringe at that, but I didn't know why. Now I know why.

Organizations can be strong and not good. Efficiency is a limited and often bankrupt criterion. The Church was not made to be efficient; it was made to be a service vehicle. The two are not always compatible.

Organizations are, therefore, only means, never ends. They must always be understood and adjusted in the context of the people involved. Organizations are only mechanisms to enable people to facilitate growth, love, and service, to test, make mistakes, and rise above.

What is a perfect organization? A system that allows opportunity for people to be free? That's not a perfect organization. That's people committed to the dignity of the individual.

please see *Organizations* on page 19

MY FATHER, ON THE OTHER hand, was a very peaceful, easy-going, pleasant individual. I recall his behavior as a priesthood quorum adviser, where he put incredible effort into loving and helping people. He did not flaunt or neglect organizational procedures but rather placed in a secondary position sanctions, policies, and tenets of a theo-



SR art by Doug Fakkell

Selling Spirituality

by William Norman Grigg
from 19 October 1988 issue 8

PERHAPS THE CHURCH PUBLIC Communications Department has been seized by a cabal of crazed MBA's. Or maybe the Church has decided that it pays to advertise. In any case, there is something profoundly unsettling about the approach of sharing the gospel characterized in the Church's new film *Together Forever*.

The production, which is basically a hyperthyroid *Home Front* (a *Home Front* is one of those little ads about family life produced by the Church), was shown between Sunday sessions during the last General Conference. Perhaps the intention was to provide the conference audience with a program that was lighter in tone than the conference addresses but still spiritually nourishing. Unfortunately, *Together Forever* has all of the spiritual resonance of the advertisements that were broadcast just before and after the Conference sessions: ads from companies that sell emergency supplies and homestorage provisions who know that the conference audience is their best market.

Together Forever is a series of vignettes describing how the Church provides lonely, confused people with a spiritual foundation and the hope that our cherished family relationships can endure throughout eternity. There is nothing new or objectionable in this approach: Church productions have used this theme since the advent of *Man's Search for Happiness*. The difference between *Together Forever* and other similar church productions (at least the ones I have seen) has to do with the degree to which the medium is the message.

Each of the sketches in the program features young people who are having problems with relationships. The first is a portrait of a young architect who discovers that he is so

busy building houses that his home is falling apart. The second portrays a young married couple that is struggling to keep their marriage together. The third introduces us to a teenage boy with a troubled home life who finds hope in the thought that "Our father would send our Older Brother to rescue us." The last sketch is an emotional encounter with a couple that has lost a child and have turned to the gospel to find hope that they may be reunited with it some day.

As I observed, there is nothing new in any of the messages; the blessings spoken of in the program have been the theme of numerous Church productions. The difference is the tone in which the message is delivered—particularly in the last two segments.

The troubled teenager speaks in a testimony meeting-like cadence, his voice thick with emotion as he speaks about "Our Elder Brother." The couple who follow him is frankly in tears as they speak of their lost child. At this point the program first tiptoes, then finally barges headlong into a shockingly personal area. The young father describes how, following the advice of missionaries who had visited his home, he went into his den to pray about the principles he had been taught. He then described the warm, peaceful feeling that confirmed that the teachings were true.

The deeply personal nature of these testimonies brings up two troubling possibilities: either these people were actually sharing genuine personal experiences, or we were watching actors play the part of such people. If the former is true, is it proper to solicit such testimonies, capture them on film, and broadcast them? Bearing testimony is an intensely personal experience, one that must be had first-hand to be effective; trying to capture the Spirit on film is as pointless as trying to

please see *Spirituality* on page 19

What she was in fact doing was teaching me a process in which having a different opinion is not a reason to reject but a reason to discuss.

events, some humorous and some more poignant—that I was going to dedicate my life to trying to help people protect themselves from organizational abuse. I didn't know exactly how I was going to do it, what academic or professional route to follow. Besides, I had another three years' commitment to the Army, which was plenty of time to formulate career goals.

I didn't know quite what I was going to do when I got out of the Army, but I ended up back in graduate school at Berkeley during the 1960s, trying to understand what universities were doing to students and what students were doing to universities. As chairman of a doctoral student organization at Berkeley during the Free Speech Movement, I had an interesting perspective on what people sometimes force organizations to do to them.

Then I was caught up in civil

Woe Unto Zion

by Lowell Bennion
from 14 September 1988, issue 3

Near the center of the Salt Lake Valley at the end of a picturesque lane lives a little lady of seventy-five in a two-room shack. Her house is heated by a coal range which has a broken grate and big hole between the fire box and the oven that prevents her from baking. The pipe from the stove to the chimney has a large crack that releases smoke and soot into her kitchen. She heats the water for dishes and sponge baths on top of the stove. Since the drainage system doesn't work, she throws her waste water out the front door. Years ago a leaky roof rotted away the bedroom ceiling and caved it in, so she now sleeps on the living room couch and looks up at another ceiling that is bowed towards her. The kitchen floor is covered with pieces of linoleum to cover up the cracks.

Her Social Security income is about \$173 per month, so she can't fix up the house herself. Her husband died 19 years ago, her only son eight years later. She has two daughters—one divorced with four children, the other chronically ill with six children and a husband of modest means.

Less than a block away stands an LDS chapel where the faithful meet regularly to praise God, to take upon them the name of Jesus Christ, and to discuss the Lord's poor in priesthood quorums. A few miles to the east other Saints live in luxurious homes with bedrooms and multiple bathrooms.

While this woman's conditions is extreme, it isn't wholly unique. In the Salt Lake Valley there are 58,000 elderly, over 65 percent (about 12,000) of whom live below the federal poverty level. They must go without food or heat or medical care to survive. How can these conditions exist in Zion?

Similar conditions were found in ancient Israel in the days of Amos (760 B.C.). Large class distinctions had developed, a few people becoming rich while many suffered in poverty. The wealthy had no regard for the plight of the poor, but denied the poor their legal rights and forced debtors into servitude. Amos, in the fury of the Lord, lashed out against those who lived in luxury, indifferent to the suffering of their fellow Israelites:

"Woe unto them that are at ease in Zion... that lie on beds of ivory, and stretch themselves upon their

couches, and eat the lambs of the flock, and the calves out of the midst of the stall; That chant to the sound of the viol, and invent themselves instruments of music, like David; That drink wine in bowls, and anoint themselves with the chief ointments; but they are not grieved for the affliction of Joseph." (Amos 6:1, 4-6)

The scene Amos describes might be compared to a ward dinner or social. The Saints are busy enjoying the food and entertainment, and they do not sorrow for the suffering of the brothers. Somehow these affluent Saints lack any concern for those beyond their eyesight who are in need. Perhaps the greatest modern convenience is the ability to insulate against the poor—to assume either that there are no poor nearby or that some church or government program will take care of them.

There is a couple in their sixties in the south end of the Salt Lake Valley who have had neither teeth nor dentures for four years. They each have a pair of old misfit uppers they put in their mouths to go to funerals. The rest of the time they stay home, social isolates, surviving on soft and liquid foods. One set of dentures costs \$350, but the cost is not covered by Medicare. Most of the health

needs of the elderly—tooth, eye, and ear care—are not covered by Medicare. Government programs are not the answer. The generosity of some physicians is not enough. Occasional fits of charity are not sufficient.

Another woman, an intelligent, cultured lady of eighty-three, lives alone in her comfortable Salt Lake home. She is not in need financially, but she is nearly blind. Just cooking a meal is difficult, even dangerous for her. After she has eaten, she worries that she has forgotten to turn off the stove. When she answers the door, she wonders if it could be an intruder. Once a voracious reader, now she is unable to read her mail, write a letter or look up a number in the phone book. She sits alone hour after hour in a dark room reviewing her life again and again, trying to keep her mind from slipping into forgetfulness and aimless wandering. She longs for conversation. She would like to have someone read to her. Friends and neighbors are good to her, but their occasional visits make up only a small fraction of her waking moments.

Yet Latter-day Saint youth in the surrounding area have time for skiing, shows, popular concerts, television and sports events. In church the list of announcements often includes father and sons outings, Halloween and Christmas parties, even money-raising projects to finance a trip from Salt Lake to Disneyland. Seldom is a planned

service project announced. It seems we are more often motivated by personal excitement and entertainment than by a sense of brotherhood and community.

In a village in Idaho a few years ago, my neighbor's haystack caught on fire and burned to the ground. It was his winter supply of hay to feed ten cows—his whole livelihood. Neighbors rushed to the scene, contained the fire with a bucket brigade, and saved his barn. Then they went home and each returned with a load of hay to rebuild their brother's stack.

Perhaps it is difficult in a urban society to reach out to the stranger, to the non-member as well as to the fellow believer. But we must become personally involved. Our time and means are desperately needed, not only to build human relationships but to save the health and lives of the poor in our midst. Otherwise how can we escape the wrath of Amos or the condemnation of Jesus, who said in His day:

"Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! For you pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgement, mercy, and faith: these ought you to have done, and not to leave the other undone." (Matt.23:23)

This essay by Lowell Bennion, noted LDS Institute teacher, author and current Director of Community Services in Salt Lake City, appeared in the Jan.-Feb. 1978 Sunstone.

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CHILD CARE

Mother, Father, Where are you?

by Eric Schulzke
from 16 November 1988, issue 12

ONE OF MICHAEL DUKAKIS' favorite themes during his campaign was his call for a national child care bureaucracy. For readers of George Orwell or Aldous Huxley, this alone was a good reason to vote for George Bush.

But as both parents begin to join the work force and send their children to day care, such brave new proposals become less and less outrageous. Almost inadvertently, we have launched an unprecedented experiment in human relations. For the first time in our history, vast numbers of children are growing up with limited parental contact. For obvious reasons, this experiment has many experts concerned.

Responsibility for the crisis in childrearing is unclear, but is probably shared among fathers, mothers, and society as a whole. It is a sensitive topic, and some women will cry sexism at the slightest criticism of the current state of affairs (especially by a male), but that is neither my intent nor that of the child development experts quoted below. For while the causes of this phenomena are unclear, the results, unfortunately, may not be.

Karl Zinsmeister of the American Enterprise Institute wrote a sobering article in the Spring, 1988 *Policy Review*. He notes that of the 20 most influential child care books of the last decade only seven approve "even grudgingly of both parents working while they have young children." He also cites an impressive array of experts warning about the effects of day care on young children:

—Jay Belsky of Pennsylvania State University, once a leading defender of day care, has reversed his position. In extensive studies, he found that "nearly half of the children who started 20 hours a week or more of substitute care before they were one year old developed noticeably insecure attachments to their mothers." Belsky urges that a parent stay home with children less than two years old.

—Psychologist Peter Barglow of Michael Reese Hospital in Chicago studied 110 children of affluent, normal families, finding that "many infants interpret repeated daily separations from their working mother as rejection." He concludes that "the mother is by far the best caretaker for the child in the first year."

—Penelope Leach, leading British psychologist and author of *Your Baby and Child*, insists that "babies need the concentrated attention of their parents for at least two years.

Someone caring for a child out of love will do a better job than someone doing it for pay, and social arrangements should aim to make full-time parenting easier."

—Dr. Benjamin Spock, child psychologist and author of *Baby and Child Care*, also opposes day care for young children. "Even at six months," he writes, "babies will become seriously depressed, losing their smile, their appetite, and their interest in things and people if the parent who has cared for them disappears." Until children are three, Spock says, they "need individualized care from the same person."

—Dr. Burton White of the Harvard Preschool Project says: "I would not think of putting a child of my own into any substitute care program on a full-time basis, especially a center-based program. Unless you have a very good reason, I urge you not to delegate the primary child-rearing task to anyone else during your child's first three years of life."

Amid this chorus of experts, President Benson's address on the theme sounds anything but fanatical: "The counsel of the church has always been for mothers to spend their full-time in the home in rearing and caring for their children."

Day care can be harmful for numerous reasons, but the most obvious, Zinsmeister says, is that love cannot be bought. One day care worker told *Parenting* magazine: "I cuddle and kiss and hug this child, but the feeling is just not there." She concluded that "nobody is going to provide my child with as much love as I can."

Deborah Fallows spent two years studying day care centers. Her book, *A Mother's Work*, is quite revealing, says Zinsmeister: "Grace saying, coat donning, one-at-a-time hand washing—these become exhausting trials in depersonalization. Fallows gives wrenching descriptions of children referred to as "hey little girl," of activities that cater to the group average but leave the quiet children behind. There is much tedium, much bewilderment, many unconsolable tears, tired teachers doing what they can to get by, a lack of individualization in the best cases, no one really caring in the worst."

How have we arrived at this point? Why are so many mothers willing, even anxious to leave young children to seek employment? The answers are complex and controversial, but here are three possible causes:

(1) Some seek work of necessity, forced by divorce, the unemployment of their husband, or by a rising cost of living. They are the unfortunate victims. Possible solutions include increased tax deductions for

children (in the fifties families were largely tax free) and developing more work that can be done in the home.

(2) Many two-income households become so not by necessity but by misguided priorities. Frequently television and advertising transfigure once unheard of hobbies and gadgets into middle-class necessities. Many work to finance country club memberships, swimming pools, fancy electronic devices, and expensive vacations. True need is often confused with convenience or pride.

(3) Perhaps saddest of all, many mothers work because they are convinced that something out there is more glamorous and fulfilling than caring for children in the home. "Today," says Zinsmeister, "women are more likely to be admired and appreciated for launching a catchy new ad campaign for toothpaste than they are for nurturing and shaping an original personality."

The implications of such an attitude are sobering. "While I—and most of my friends—were saying our minds were 'too good' to stay at home and raise our children," reflected one mother, "none of us ever asked the question, 'Then what sorts of minds should be raising our children—minds that were not very good?'" It is a bizarre culture that places its stock portfolios and university educations above its children's welfare.

"The quest for a humane child-rearing system is more than an engineering problem," concludes Zinsmeister. "It is a values problem. So long as we continue to debase parenting, only the debased will be willing to take it on." No, Mr. Dukakis, we don't need more child care—we just need to start caring about children.

Eric Schulzke is not a sexist—really. He also has no wife and no children. ↗

A Mother's Perspective

by Linda Jones
from 30 November 1988, issue 14

PERHAPS HE IS JUST YOUNG AND NAIVE, BUT THE VIEWS REPRESENTED BY Eric Schulzke in a recent *Student Review* article on child care reveals a fundamental misunderstanding of the problems facing women and their families today. Perhaps I can help him obtain a sense of reality on this issue.

It is easy for Mr. Schulzke to tell us why women should stay at home and suggest that more work be developed that can be done in the home. I'm sure we could find more than a few women in Provo who have five or six children and are attempting to make ends meet by addressing envelopes or sewing or typing at home.

I would also challenge him to spend a week in that situation and come out of it with his mind intact. I could refer him to several men who took major responsibility for home and children while attending school so that their wives could work full time to finance that schooling. Not one of them would suggest that their wives find work they could do in the home. And it is often much easier for children to understand and deal with parents who are gone on a regular basis than with parents who are physically present but unavailable to the child because they are working or studying at home.

It is easy for Mr. Schulzke to pontificate about misguided priorities, but the women I know that work are not working to finance "country club memberships, swimming pools, fancy electronic devices (which husbands usually buy anyway) and expensive vacations." Most of the women I know are working to keep children on missions and in college (or husbands in college) and to pay medical bills and dental bills and buy clothes (plain ordinary clothes, not designer jeans for 10 year olds).

Others, after five or six years at home with the family, are working because they need some appreciation and some sense of being valued as a person (aside from in the home and with the family). Articles are published about executives committing suicide (Levinson, "What Killed Bob Lyons," *Harvard Business Review*, March-April, 1981) because of a lack of challenge and a lack of appreciation, because they feel they have no choice but to meet the expectations of others, because they have reached the top and have projects that have no beginning and no end—the same problems housewives are expected not only to take for granted, but to be grateful for.

Few women would work outside the home (or take in work at home) if it were economically feasible to stay at home. Even fewer women would pursue careers outside the home if their husbands, their children, the Church, or society in general, honestly appreciated and gave credit for a career as a homemaker on the same level as that of doctor, lawyer, or businessman. Most would stay home if they had the appreciation of three or even only two of these four groups. And many would stay home if only their husbands recognized and valued their contribution *on the same level as their own (the husbands') contribution*. Making speeches and talking about it are not enough. The reality is that women are second-class (maybe third, after children) citizens and rarely receive the validation of their self-worth that men receive and take for granted on a daily basis.

We can talk all we want about the importance of women, but talk does not counter the condescending attitudes toward women that are still so prominent in our society. I will give two examples of this. The first occurred during a sacrament meeting when a sister who had been asked more than a week in advance was the main speaker. After the meeting began, the high councilman, who had not been expected to be on the program, came in and sat on the stand. The counselor conducting announced that the high councilman would also speak. The sister, whose talk was very well prepared and inspiring, did her best to shorten her talk, but did not get it short enough for the counselor, who proceeded to hand her a note telling her to finish up. The high councilman then stood up and regaled us with excuses for his not being prepared. Can you imagine any situation in which, had the positions been reversed, any priesthood holder would have been asked to shorten his talk so a mere woman could give hers?

Another time, two students were being considered for the top position in an organization at BYU. The female had actively worked in the organization please see *Mother* on page 19

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Prior Restraint and Guilt by Association:

Reflections on Academic Freedom at BYU

by Eugene England
from 12 April 1989, issue 28

AFTER I ACCEPTED A POSITION AT BYU in 1977, a former colleague from Stanford phoned to commiserate: "How could you give up your cherished freedom to write and teach?" He echoed the sentiments of friends from the University of Utah, Harvard, UCLA: "That place is not a real university, dedicated to discovery of truth through free inquiry."

I responded from a complete faith that has since become sure knowledge through my twelve years' experience: "I'll be more free at BYU, to write and teach what is truly important to me, what I care most about as a professor of literature, than I was at Utah or Stanford or could be at any other university. I can devote my research and writing to recovering and understanding and promoting the fundamental texts and finest literature of my own faith and people, which I could do nowhere else. I can teach the classics of British and American literature with central emphasis on their religious and ethical values, especially in relation to my own deepest values and convictions as a Latter-day Saint. That would be illegal at Utah and spurned at Stanford. It is, I believe, the best way to teach anywhere—but a way I can teach only at BYU."

Most of my friends didn't believe me, but they were wrong. I have indeed found at BYU that unique freedom to write and teach in ways that combine my faith and my professional training. I have even heard increasingly, from President Holland and other leaders, that such a combination is the unique opportu-

MEMO: Faculty may not publish in the following



joy at BYU? Some of the reasons are personal. I was a founding editor of *Dialogue* and have given much to establish and maintain it as a contribution to building the Kingdom of God. I have known and loved each of its succeeding editors as good Christians and faithful Saints and have seen them, despite some mistakes and low points, maintain that founding vision and regularly publish fine Mormon thought, literature, and art and build faith in people who had not been reached by other means. It hurts me deeply to have that journal singled out, named, advised against, as in some way the publication most dangerous to the interests of BYU. By implication it is more dangerous than all

what is a good in-house journalism workshop at the *Universe*. It hurts me to have the *Review* singled out as in some way so dangerous to BYU students or to our image that we can take no chance it will be identified with us through being distributed in the bookstore—where we can buy *Elle* (with articles like "The Year of Seduction" and "Sexy Swimsuits") and *Self* ("I Don't Feel Like the Sweet Little Girls I Play") and a host of other unabashed monuments to modern materialism and sexism. The *Review* can't even be placed in stands on campus, where we can get newspapers that openly attack our values and sometimes BYU and the Church. That seems incorrect and improper.

Since I believe in due process, I began talking with and writing letters to the appropriate administrators in 1986 and proposed this matter as an agenda item for the Faculty Advisory Council a year ago. During this time I did not make any public statements, since they might have been ill-informed and merely confrontational before regular channels were used. A public response from the administration was made two weeks ago to the FAC. All the responses, there and to me, have been courteous, reasonably argued, but, in my judgement, mainly beside the point. I make this public statement now because I believe it is time to recommend public discussion, by faculty and students, of this crucial issue.

Spokespersons have convincingly argued that all freedoms imply responsibility and thus have limits; that the nature of BYU requires that its employees not attack "the General Authorities of the University's sustaining church or the foundations of its faith"; that administrators in particular cannot avoid implying institutional positions in what they say and write; that student publications are inevitably identified with the university and thus must be exceptionally responsible and re-

strained; that BYU is a private institution and has the right to determine what is distributed on campus.

I agree fully with these arguments, but they address only the legitimate question of the need to exercise individual judgment and even official constraint on *what* is written and what BYU has the legal right to do (rather than what might be good to do). They do not address the central issue I am raising: the extreme and I believe unnecessary limitation on freedom made by restricting *where* something is published or where a publication can be distributed, no matter how responsible, excellent, and supportive of the purposes of BYU that publication is. What I object to are prior

publications.) In addition, such policies offer a gratuitous insult to the many faculty and students who have written for *Dialogue* and *Sunstone* and *Student Review*, served on their editorial boards, or participated in the Symposium (people like Hugh Nibley, Maureen Ursenbach Beecher, Edward Kimball, Margaret Young, Chauncey Riddle, Steven Walker, Eloise Bell, Richard Crockett, Susan Howe, Bill Dibble, James Christensen, Brian Fogg, Don Norton, etc.), and they intimidate and silence faculty and students who might want to participate in the unusual opportunities to unite faith and creativity these forums provide. (It seems especially ironic that *Dialogue* and *Sunstone*, plus *BYU Studies*, are the major publishers of the kind of scholarship that BYU faculty are now especially encouraged to do—combining their faith and training.)

In General Conference, Elder Dallin Oaks reminded us that "alternate voices," from any source other than the official Church must be evaluated very carefully. (Such voices of course include *Dialogue* and the *Sunstone* symposia—as well as all classes, publications, symposia and conferences at BYU.) Elder Oaks also stated Church members are free to hear and participate in such unofficial voices in the spirit of Doctrine and Covenants 58:27, if they are "anxiously engaged in a good cause... of their own free will [in order to] bring to pass much righteousness"—and if they are aware of certain dangers. He offered some principles for making our decision and quoted Joseph Smith: "I teach them correct principles and they govern themselves."

What I object to are prior restraint (forbidding publication of anything by administrators in Dialogue in advance rather than judging what actually is written) and guilt by association (restricting distribution of the Review.)

restraint (forbidding publication of anything by administrators in *Dialogue* in advance rather than judging what actually is written) and guilt by association (restricting distribution of the *Review*, in advance, because a previous independent newspaper, the *Seventh East Press*, proved irresponsible—rather than working out a way, through advisors, etc., to help the editors prevent such irresponsibility).

Prior restraint and guilt by association are serious violations of two of the freedoms championed in Constitution and are particularly rejected in the great tradition of free academic inquiry at universities. (Though other universities also restrict what their people say, I cannot find any that restrict *where* or prevent distribution of responsible

I support principles that guide responsible freedom at this unique place, and I invite our community to engage in discussion of them. Such discussion, including thoughtful commitment to our responsibilities and consideration of how repentance, change, and forgiveness might occur when we are not responsible, might lead to a recommendation to our administration that we are indeed mature enough to govern ourselves rather than to be forced into responsibility by specific restrictions on freedom.

If we are not then I have a doubt, small but chilling, whether BYU, the Christian university I chose twelve years ago, is yet as Christian or as much a real university as our prophets hope for us.

I have indeed found at BYU that unique freedom to write and teach in ways that combine my faith and my professional training. I have even heard increasingly that such a combination is the unique opportunity—and responsibility—of the BYU faculty.

nity—and responsibility—of the BYU faculty. But recently a chill has come over my heart, and my friends' warnings have begun to haunt me.

It began when I read in BYU's Accreditation Report of 1986 that "administrators are advised not to publish in *Dialogue*, *A Journal of Mormon Thought*, or to participate in *Sunstone's* symposia" and learned this was a BYU decision, not mandated from above. The chill deepened when I observed the requests of some creative, devoted students to distribute *Student Review* on campus turned down despite their reasonably responsible publication, over a three-year period, of that independent newspaper.

Why should these things chill me? Why should they matter in comparison to the enormous freedoms I en-

other publications that deal independently with Mormonism (*Exponent II*, *The Journal of Mormon History*, *The AMCAP Journal*), worse even than non-Mormon publications with openly anti-Mormon content and purposes (*The Los Angeles Times*, *Rolling Stone*, *Time*, *The Biblical Archaeology Review*). By implication it is so dangerous it must be expressly forbidden. This seems to me incorrect and improper.

I've been a writer and informal advisor for *Student Review* and am now on the new board of trustees designed to give it ongoing stability and institutionalized self-criticism. I believe we need, in order to fulfill our fundamental educational purposes at BYU, an independent voice of student thought, investigation, and artistic expression in addition to

Some departments lose almost 50% of faculty

The Evolution of BYU

How the imminent retirement of hundreds of faculty will set course for the university for decades to come

by Merrill Oates and Mette Marie Ivie

In the 1960s universities throughout the nation expanded dramatically. BYU was no exception. Partially motivated by the post war baby-boom generation arriving at the college age, and by a nationally renewed emphasis on education, the Ernest L. Wilkinson administration led the university through a period of incredible growth in both physical facilities, faculty, and students. Because of this phenomenal expansion many faculty members have now reached retirement age.

BYU is facing a turn-over and replacement challenge of proportions that they have not had to deal with before.

Based on estimated average retirement at age 65, BYU's Institutional Studies office has projected that in 1989 approximately 15 full-time faculty members will reach retirement age. In 1998, about 59 persons will do the same. During the next 10 year period an average of over 40 professors will retire each year.

Kearl also noted that the wave of faculty retiring in the nineties is a "major problem at our university and across the country."

Upgrading the faculty is an important priority. Not only do we need the new talent of brand new Ph.D.'s, but we need the "fresh air" of new faculty members who have had experiences at other universities.

Most critical of all is that BYU begins "setting its sights on the University of the Twenty-first Century," that it can be. Peter Crawley, head of the Mathematics Department, says that his goal is to "replace each of us with the best person we can find."

LDS vs. Hiring the Best

All of the university professors interviewed stated that "We want to hire the best people that are available." But we can't always get them. There are a number of reasons for this:

- THERE AREN'T ALWAYS qualified LDS people available in the specialty areas that the University is looking for. (See accompanying article on hiring LDS.)

In accordance with the University's stated priority of hiring church members, those who are involved in recruiting are encouraged to seek out the eligible LDS candidates in that particular field. Many of the LDS that are out there are some of the best, but when looking for someone to fill a particular area of expertise, there may be no LDS available. Particular departments faced with this dilemma are English, Spanish, and Mathematics.

- BYU DOES NOT have a history of receiving independent grant and federal research money.

personnel the coming years will have a profound impact on the University's future. In an interview Grant Mason, dean of the College of Math and Physical Sciences, said that "this will set the tone of the University for a number of decades." Scott Abbott, professor of German, remarked that "it could be the most marvelous chance in the world, or it could be devastating. The department has the chance to move from average to having a large contingent of stimulating colleagues."

This positive yet somewhat apprehensive attitude is reflected in comments of a number of other university leaders. "We have to hire people who are better than ourselves" noted Stan Albrecht, dean of the College of Family Home and Social Sciences. "With every hire we must increase the average competence." Dean J. R. Kearl, of General Education and Honors commented that "I hope when I leave they have someone better than me."

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It is interesting to note that though it will be losing nearly 40% of its faculty in the coming 10 year period, the Religion Department does not face this problem. Keith Perkins, chair of Church History and Doctrine pointed out in an interview that "at least two-thirds of the Religion professors come from the Seminaries and Institutes of the Church. Many of them come here in their late 30s and early 40s as seasoned and excellent teachers." There are, though, a number who have received formal degrees "from biblical schools and they are being hired here to teach" he added. According to Perkins "We have many more applicants than we need for each position that we fill, and we don't expect that will change."

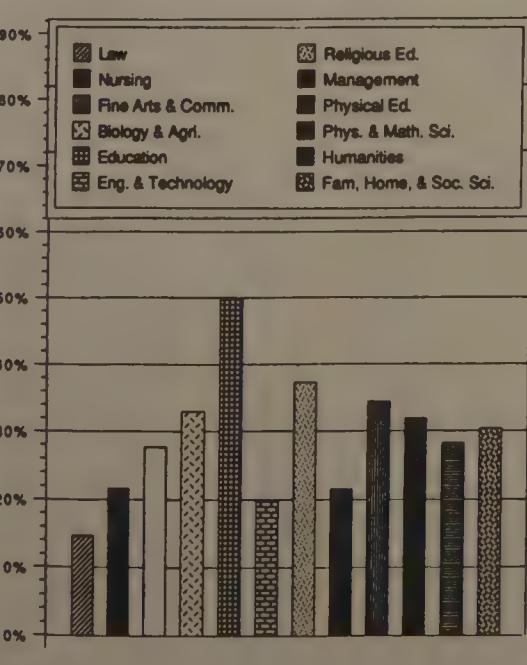
Slot juggling involves temporarily borrowing a faculty slot from another college or department in the university. Each department has a fairly fixed number of teaching slots, together these make up the count for each college. If a position becomes vacant for some reason in another area of the University, the slot may be temporarily transferred to a department that has someone they would like to hire but doesn't yet have a position for.

Bringing in scholars, both LDS and non, for one year visiting appointments has been one way of increasing the exposure of students to diverse perspectives and of trying out potential hires. In a program developed by the Mathematics Department, experts are invited to come and lecture for a year or more. Said Peter Crawley, "We invite the best people in the world to stay for short periods of time and people we are interested in hiring we invite to stay."

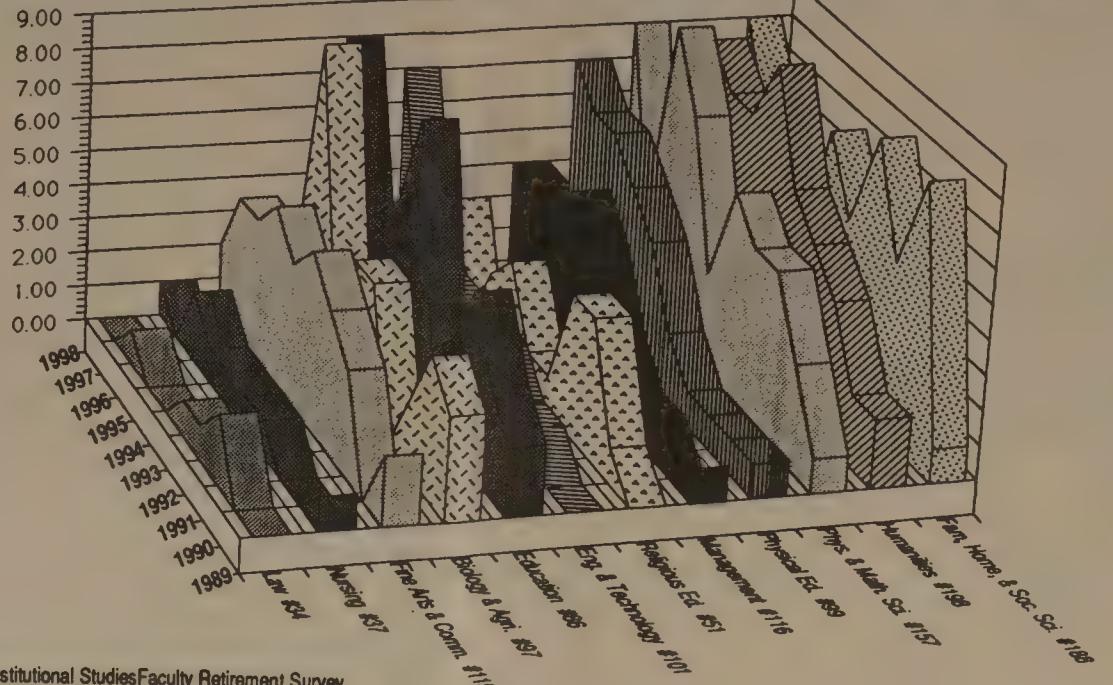
Another "exemplary" department pursuing a similar program, according to Alan Keele, is Economics. They leave "two to three places open for rotating faculty," so that they can try out new faculty members. Keele points out that these two departments have just the kind of "flexible, creative" thinking that we will need to continue excellence at BYU in the nineties.

While there are some who just wouldn't fit in because of our standards, Alan Keele points out that "we cannot afford the reputation of being closed and culturally homogeneous." He also points out that we need to be more open-minded about things like the dress code. "Grooming standards have

Percentage of BYU Faculty Retiring by College
(Over the 10 year period 1989 to 1998)



Estimated Number of Persons Retiring in Each College, by Year
(Listing covers the 10 year period from 1989 to 1998. Also noted are the current number of faculty in each college.)



Source: BYU Institutional Studies Faculty Retirement Survey

university personnel are more actively encouraging good students to pursue academic careers. Dean Kearl noted that "not a lot of young Mormon students elect to go on for Ph.D.'s." Todd Britsch, dean of Humanities, commented, "We did a bad job," by discouraging students about five years ago to seek Ph.D.'s. "The brightest students may have chosen not to get Ph.D.'s." What he calls the "Yuppie phenomenon" has drawn away many of the best and brightest LDS scholars into fields like law, medicine, and business.

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Why it isn't always easy to bring in the best:

How to Hire a Professor

by Merrill Oates and Mette Marie Ivie

wouldn't be happy here."

Members who are seriously considered for positions must also be active in their home wards. This limits the available pool of candidates even further. "The application and processing forms request a listing of current church callings, and their membership records are checked through Salt Lake" said one department chair.

A third criteria which has been questioned much more seriously by faculty members than the other two is the marriage requirement for LDS men. The premise behind the marriage expectation is that LDS males have a priesthood responsibility to raise families and the University wants to be seen as encouraging that end. "We can bring in single men on a temporary basis, but they can't move on to a tenured or permanent track unless they are married," noted one department chair. "The sentiment in some places is that if you are over 30 and not married, then you must be gay. And that is ridiculous," was the comment of another faculty member.

"I don't think that it will be too long before some challenges this issue in court" pointed out a professor interviewed on the subject. "But," he said "that will be difficult, because people don't want to be seen as challenging the Church." There is no similar requirement governing the marital status of women whether they are single, married, or divorced. In fact, in some departments nearly all of the women faculty are single. The same is true for a significant percentage of women throughout the University. "They receive no such pressure to remarry, and of course they shouldn't," said one professor.

The process of obtaining clearance to offer an individual a position at the university is rather long and is closely monitored by the administration and the Board of Trustees. Even if a person meets all of the academic requirements and is highly desired by the department and college, before an actual offer can be tendered they must pass through a name clearance and approval process. Each name goes before the Board of Trustees. The steps in this process include:

- name clearance through the Board of Trustees
- verification of a position vacancy (i.e. replacing another individual who has retired or left)

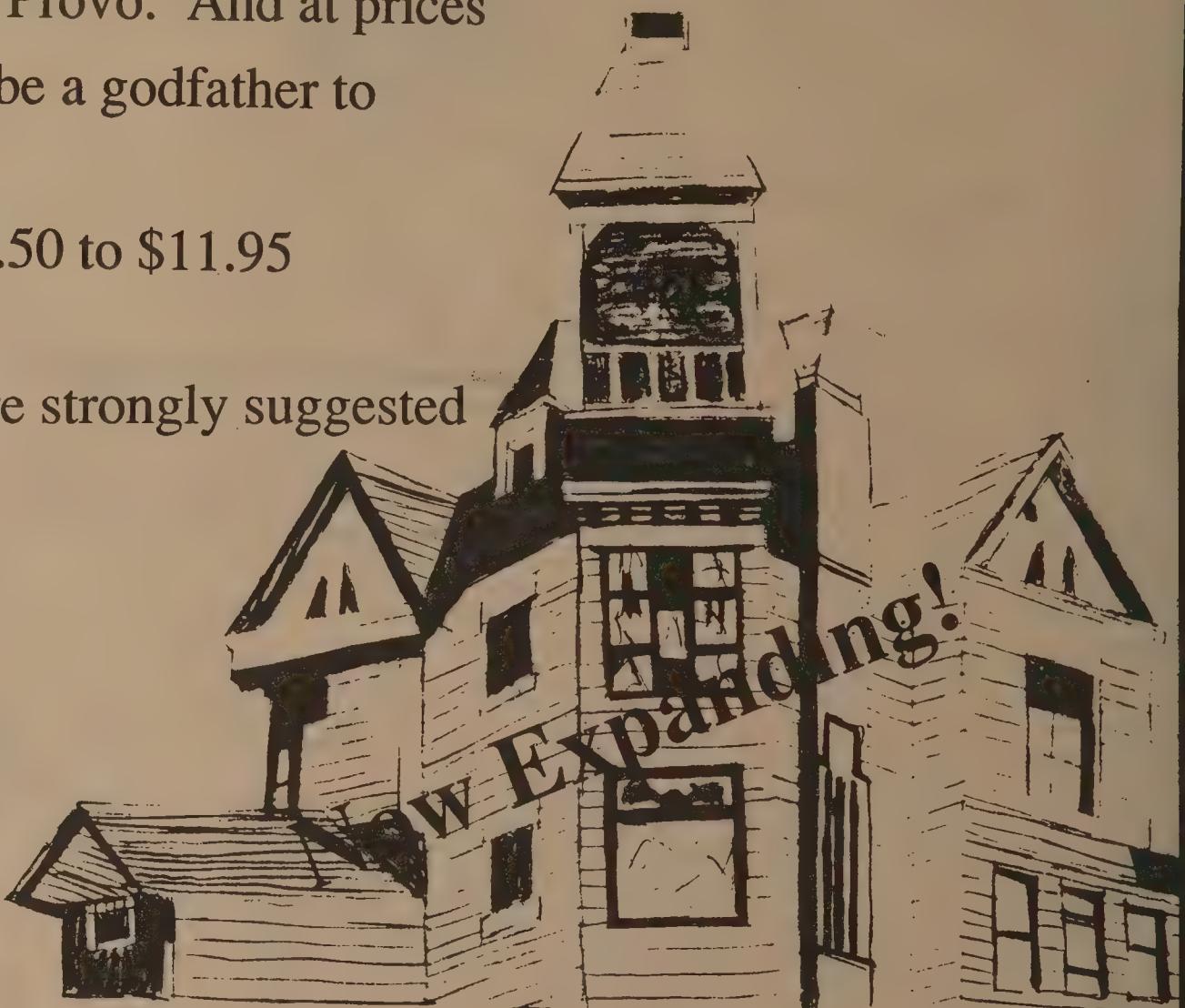
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Mother from page 14

the previous year, taking responsibility for several projects. The male, a priesthood holder, had accepted assignments on occasion, but had completed none of them. When the male was chosen, the faculty member in charge of the selection told the female, "We know you'll support him and see that things get done

right." She didn't. She was smart enough to transfer to another school where she was recognized for her talents and willingness to work—not just expected to prop up some male figurehead.

There are times when it is crucial for mothers to be at home with the children, and there are times when it is just as important that they be

engaged full time outside the home. Many feel it is more important to be home when the children are toddlers; I have always felt it more important to be available when the children are in junior high and high school. Each family is different. What works for one does not work for another. My understanding of the gospel is that we are each responsible for our own decisions and that husbands and wives should work together with each other and the Lord to make decisions regarding their families. This is difficult enough to do without self-appointed experts like Mr. Schulzke collecting and rehashing articles that support his point of view and spreading them about like so much guilt from above. I feel very sorry for the future Mrs. Schulzke and their children if Mr. Schulzke is as convinced and dogmatic 20 years from now as he is today.

Mrs. Jones is the mother of 14 children and holds a Ph.D. in Counseling Psychology. She is currently in her third year at the BYU Law School—Really. ✓

Organizations from page 12

vidual, people creating organizational devices to facilitate the objective. Structures cannot be perfect. Ultimately, people can, I hope. But in the meantime, the organization is a vehicle driven by imperfect people making mistakes.

I hope that we can find in organizations a positive force to teach, to experiment, to love, to serve, to grow, to develop, to enjoy, to laugh, to cry. May we prevent abuse of organizations. May we permit ourselves and others with whom we

work over, under, and alongside to make institutions servants of the individual, to make sanctions testing grounds to rise above rather than be imprisoned by. In this difficult and exciting world, institutions can be instrument of good. But we must make this so.

Bonner Ritchie, a nationally recognized organizational behavior expert and one of the founders of the field, has presented workshops for corporations and government agencies throughout the country. ✓

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Channel 8 at BYU Channel 24 on TCI Channel 40 on Insight
SEPTEMBER PROGRAM SCHEDULE **

TIME	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
8:30a	INFOTEXT	INFOTEXT	INFOTEXT	INFOTEXT	INFOTEXT	
9:00a	The New Literacy	The New Literacy	The New Literacy	The New Literacy	The New Literacy	BYU Sports*
9:30a	Computerworks	Economics USA	Economics USA	Economics USA	Computerworks	
10:00a	Against All Odds	Against All Odds	Business of Management	Against All Odds	Against All Odds	
10:30a	For All Practical Purposes	For All Practical Purposes	For All Practical Purposes	For All Practical Purposes	For All Practical Purposes	
11:00a	Business and the Law	Business and the Law	Business and the Law	Business and the Law	Business and the Law	
11:30a	Focus on Society	Business of Management	Focus on Society	Business of Management	Focus on Society	
12:00n	Faces of Culture	Business File	Faces of Culture	Business File	Faces of Culture	
12:30p	American Adventure	American Adventure	American Adventure	Focus on Society	American Adventure	
1:00p	The Write Course	This is the Life	The Write Course	Faces of Culture	Economics USA	
1:30p	Here's to Your Health	Here's to Your Health	Here's to Your Health	This is the Life	Here's to Your Health	
2:00p	INFOTEXT	INFOTEXT	INFOTEXT	INFOTEXT	INFOTEXT	
2:30p						SATURDAY CINEMA
3:00p						
3:30p						
4:00p	NewsBeat*	NewsBeat*	NewsBeat*	NewsBeat*	NewsBeat*	
4:30p	BYU Sports*	Healthy State	BYU Sports*	BYU Sports*	Healthy State	
5:00p		Adult Cartoons			Adult Cartoons	
5:30p		Talk Is Cheap			Talk Is Cheap	
6:00p		Take One			Take One	
6:30p	South Africa Now	Dance Connection	Gillette World Sports	Japan Today Weekly/ Let's Learn Japanese	Hello Austria /Hello Vienna Euro Business Weekly***	
7:00p	Inside South Africa	FOREIGN MOVIE CLASSICS	In Style with Jacques Looking East	Business Nippon	FOREIGN MOVIE CLASSICS	
7:30p	Fishing Texas		Don Lewis	FOREIGN MOVIE CLASSICS		
8:00p	Outdoor Sportsman		TBA	Outdoor Life		
8:30p	Canadian Sportfishing					
9:00p	Twin Star	France Today (French)	Reggae Strong			
9:30p	South Africa Now		Gillette World Sports			
10:00p	INFOTEXT until 9:00a	INFOTEXT until 9:00a	INFOTEXT until 9:00a	INFOTEXT until 9:00a	INFOTEXT until 9:00a	INFOTEXT until 9:00a

* Starting September 11.

** All programming is subject to change without prior notice.

*** Will be replaced by Moscow Meridian on Sept. 22.

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The Best of CAMPUS LIFE

Man, No Franklin, Reggae for I

by Scott Elgin Calhoun
from 26 Oct. 1988, issue 9

We've all seen them, bound in a black or cordovan leather. They are the type of thing your dad gives you for Christmas, and says, "Do yourself a favor, take some business classes." I believe they are named after Ben, but you can be sure Ben never used anything remotely similar. I loathe these infernal monsters of time management.

My disdain isn't unwarranted though. Last Sunday I was sitting in sacrament meeting when the bishop waved a Franklin in front of the congregation and endorsed it as the One True Method of Time Management. Those in the congregation with Franklins got self-satisfied grins on their faces. I had a fiendish, yet beautiful, vision of all of the Franklins on campus burning in a grand pile in front of the Tree of Wisdom, surrounded by wailing mourners.

Just when I had almost forgotten about Sunday, I found a lost Franklin in the JKHB. This poor soul had put everything in his Franklin. It contained 60 dollars in cash, his gas card and identification: I knew his life was a living hell. I thought about filling up my car with gas, eating Mexican food, and vacationing in Taos all on Billy Bob (we'll call him Billy Bob). But something odd happened: I had a pang of conscience. At first, I was sure it was indigestion, all of that Alfredo sauce at the Cougar-eat Pasta Bar churning in my stomach, but no, it was a genuine prick of conscience. I decided to do the Pat Holland number and turn the damn thing in, but first I had to try to lead this boy back to reality and salvation through Reggae music.

I left him a friendly note in the "Prioritized Daily Task" section of his Franklin. It went something like this: "Well, Billy Bob, it appears you lost your Franklin, you're probably a trembling mess about now. This is what happens when you become an automaton. You've written down every detail of your blasé little life (I know—I read it) and now you probably can't remember your class schedule to save your soul. But, Billy Bob, the Jamaican god must be smiling on you today, because we have taken it upon ourselves to de-program you, to bring you out of your Franklin coma. We are going to teach you to think again, step by step. It won't be easy, but we just



SR art by Cassie Christensen
want to be helpful.

"First you need to take that sixty bucks in your Franklin and buy some good Reggae music. Might we suggest Jimmy Cliff, Steel Pulse, or the paradigm of Reggae, Bob Marley. Reggae is the antithesis of the Franklin. The Franklin is: plan, organize, prioritize, get it done, do it now, be on time, worry, and stress. The Reggae way is: relax, don't worry, get back to your roots, commune with nature, and mispronounce most of the English language: 'easy skankin, get itie, a dis ya riddim drive.'

"If you still have a desire to keep track of anything after listening to a couple of Reggae albums, get one of those calendars that insurance agents give away each year. Get one from about 1985 so you're never sure exactly what day it is. Do yourself a favor, be late a few times, miss an appointment, eat when you're hungry, sleep when you're tired, study

when you're ready to learn, but for the sake of Benjamin don't catalogue your entire life in a hundred dollar binder. Think of all the Navajo tacos one hundred dollars will buy. Most of us have ample room in our brains to store a few essential facts. Life is just not like the Franklin, Billy Bob, abandon it."

I took Billy Bob's Franklin to Lost and Found. I thought I was done with these silly calendars and fanatics that own them, until my roommate walks in looking like he just backed over the family dog Cedric, and asks, "Have you seen my Franklin?" Ten minutes later I find him staring at the phone as if it were a crystal ball. He's remembered that he left his Franklin at the house of the girl he has been seeing every day for the last two months, and is nearly engaged to. His furrowed brow shows that he's reached an impasse—he can't remember her phone number.

New Course Offerings



SR art by Jeff Lee

by Gary Burgess
from 18 January 1989, issue 16

In its continuing effort to provide quality education to the students attending BYU, the administration announces for this winter semester a round of seminars and lectures designed to promote awareness within our distinctive campus community. They are as follows:

Theology and Ethics

- "Like it, or Quit School": The Joys of Negative Free Agency
- More Similarities Between Mormonism and Judaism: The Cannon Center Semi-Formal
- Hometeach Your Way to Alienation
- BYU Swimwear as a Fulfillment of Old Testament Prophecy
- To Watch Phil Donahue, or to Bake Bread: A Question of Values
- Hugh Nibley on Home Gardening
- Priestcraft as a Summer Job

Student Life

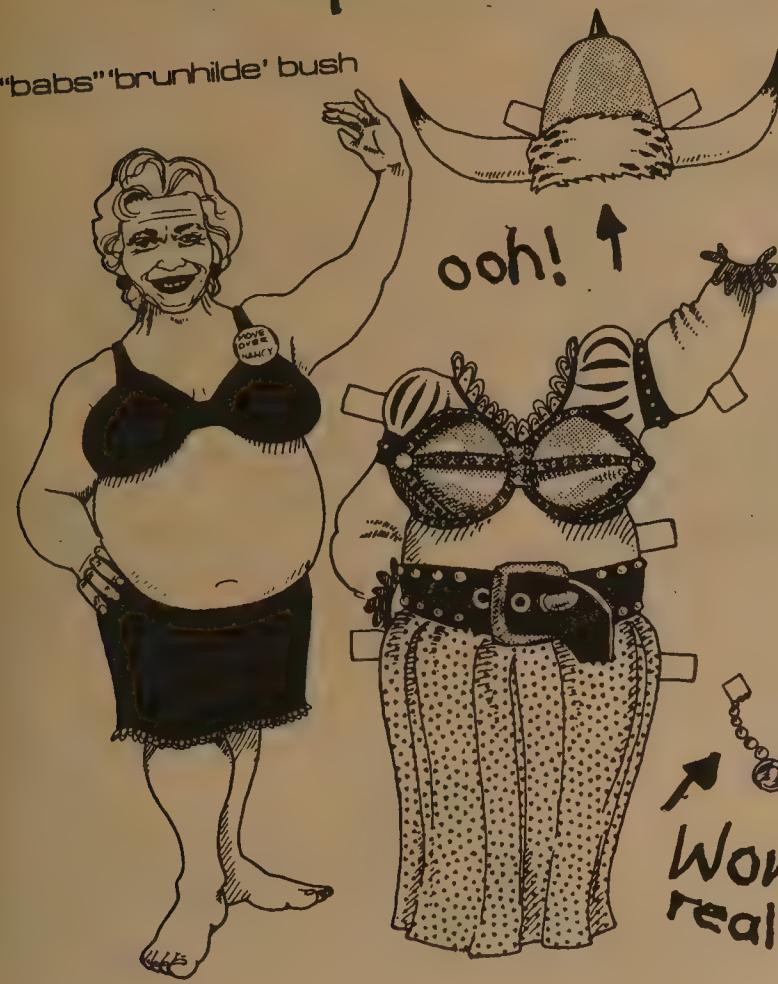
- More Ways to Unwind Alone After Classes: Clogging in the Nude
- A Discussion of Hip and Jive People on Campus
- How to Harass a Grounds Crewman
- No Socks and Two Classes to Go: A Contemporary BYU Vision of the Blues
- What to Do with Your Missionary Slides
- Long Taco Salad Lines as Youthful Initiatory Rite
- The Library Tour as Spiritual Odyssey
- Necking in the Testing Center
- Selecting a Liberal Campus Bishop in Times of Moral Turbulence
- How to Get Through College By Singing 1940s Broadway Tunes
- "Can I get you some hot sauce for your taco salad?"—Classic Coed Come-ons
- Wymount Terrace: Its Grip Upon Our Imagination
- Hygiene for the College Male
- How to Get a B- in Sociology 100
- The Religious Aspects of Club Rush
- Naugles and Other Avant-Garde Hangouts Off Campus

University History and Politics

- Ernest L. Wilkinson's Presidential Tenure: The Era of Good Feelings
- A Comparison/Contrast of Yoko Ono and John Stolton: Different Styles, Same Rhythm
- Student Review and Its Connection with the March 1987 Bomb Threats
- Pat Holland and Soul Food Cooking: Is it a Hobby, or an Unhealthy Obsession?
- Self-blame and Ridicule Within the Memorial Lounge
- Just How Big are the Desks at BYUSA?
- The Illustrious History of the Peace Corps at BYU: Mike and Julia Ferguson's Decision to Serve in 1964, and Aftermath
- College Republicans and Their Shifty Eyes
- Cosmo and Our Longing for His Extinction
- BYU Police as Frustrated Hairdressers
- Are Mark Crockett and Oprah Winfrey Really Brother and Sister?

Hey kids! Let's help Mrs. Bush and Mrs. Dukakis put on their Halloween costumes!

"babs" "brunhilde" bush



ooh! ↑



Scary!

sexy

Wow!
real gold!

cordless!

kitty "madonna" dukakis



a Throne!

SP art by Jeff Lee

Grounds Crew Poetry: A Voice of Oppression

by Gary Burgess, Scott Calhoun, and Jeff Lee
from 5 April 1989, issue 27

Grounds Crew Poetry: A Voice of Oppression is a new anthology that takes risks. It is an angry literature, yet gentle and also at times tender. The many moods of grounds crewmen statewide are illustrated in this new collection, ranging from the distinctly anarchistic "Provo" voice, to the more passive and docile "Cedar City" voice. In these poems we see the irreducible varieties of a life of labor lived by the often forgotten or ignored landscape maintenance among us.

Typical of the anarchistic tone of the Provo school of grounds crew poets is this selection attributed to Jenner Tanner, an employee of BYU for two semesters now.

Murder
Riot
Death
Sprinklers.

Comments Tanner about his work: "That day I'd seen hundreds trample on my grass, on my work and creation. I wanted to smash all of them, yet realizing that for an artist/pacifist such as I, turning on the sprinklers on them was my only recourse. We live in a lawless society. I am a fugitive in that society."

Other poems demonstrate a tone of lawlessness. Some, such as the

selection below, are written in a voice of warning.

On a starry night
a man and a woman believe in
Spring.
His hand on her ivory neck snares
moonlight
filtered through leaves—my
leaves.
They are in the bushes—my
bushes, by the Widstoe.
"Can this be love?" I ask,
pulling my clippers out, brandishing
them in the moonlight.
"I think not," I say, striking out
into the night.

The above is entitled, "To All You Lovers—Watch Your Butts."

Although grounds crewman poetry is generally an angry literature, at times it has a profound sense of poignancy, as exhibited in this next poem "Family, Topiary, and Minimum Wage."

I trim,
polite to passersby.
I'm turning a hedge into the shape
of a mother and daughter knitting.
I'm making \$4.60 an hour.

Other selections affirm Christian values in grounds grooming. The following are two random selections.

Last week I was deodorizing urinals;

now I'm vacuuming leaves off
trees.

What marvelous turns life makes!
Oh Beauty! Truth! Suction!

I'm making new friends on the
crew—
yeah, we party.
Gophers.

Another poet featured, Marshall Wayman, is a Californian, a Romantic, a surfer, and a "willfully disruptive" individual. His dislike for BYU's manicured, "inhibiting" landscape has prompted some critics to call him "a voice screaming in an ordered wilderness for disorder." He is considered by conservative and liberal grounds crewmen alike to be the founder of the "Anarchist Grounds Crewmen Poetry Revolt." This early poem, "The Hedges Beg Me to Speak" is exemplary:

End of day
I boil inside.
One more straight row
of hedges I trim,
I am nauseated.
Let them be FREE!
Let the Arborvitae overtake a
wall,

Let ivy climb the Kimball Tower—
when you cut and hamper nature,
you cut and hamper us.

You.
Me.
Every Bush on this campus is coifed

like Jeff Holland's hair.
End of day
I boil inside!

States Marshall's supervisor:
"Marshall gets that fanatical look
when he chips ice. I'm afraid he'll
smash someone. Yesterday he
backed the pickup over a stretch—
when the ice didn't break, he started
jumping up and down on the ice. He
fell and laughed and said that was
the beauty of it."

One morning in a brash mood,
Marshall cut a row of hedges into an
advertisement for a current BYU
musical, "A Thistle for Theo!" Later,
he transplanted a tree to the quad,
and drove the riding mower over a
bed of begonias. He was demoted to
raking the stinking yellow artificial
plums next to the Kennedy Center.
This was a time of stoic suffering for
Wayman. "I listen to the silence," he
recorded in his journal during this
time, "I hear the shrubs and greenery
in agony at times—other times
they are ridiculing the sidewalk traffic.
They are on my side, and I am
their advocate."

During this time he penned this
next work lashing out against his
supervisor.

I rake the stink.
I rake the Stink!
I rake . . .
The STINK.

So I'll take these yellow stinking

plums
and make a fetid jelly for my
supervisor

I'll hand him the mason jar with a
yellow bow
and smile.
For he made me
Rake the stink.

The anthology also includes many
informative interviews with super-
visors and others involved directly
or indirectly in landscape poetics.
About Tanner and Wayman their
supervisor noted a growing absen-
teeism, and a severity in their work,
indicative of their frame of mind.

"For me their work lost its spontane-
ity I don't know. Their artistic
sense seems to have been neutered."

One last poet, Holman Jones, en-
ters the anthology softly. Being from
Cedar City, he is angry in quiet way.
His poem, "Weeds—My Friends"
shows the healing influence nature
can have on a crewman.

I whop weeds down
with crass disregard.

Industrial strength,
and Heavy duty
dominate my world.

Until a snap dragon
Changes me unawhere.

I put my death hoe aside
Filled with compassion.

Unrequited Love

by Michelle Moore
from 8 February 1989, issue 19,

Wednesday, 1:30 a.m. Misery. Pathos...solitude. A car pulls into a driveway below; the first noise that has interrupted my thoughts in over an hour. A tear dribbles a slow path down my cheek and through the orange Cheez-It powder at the corner of my mouth. Unrequited love.

1:45 a.m. In the darkness, I am alone with my thoughts. I pretend that he is right here in the kitchen, sitting next to me in the silence.

2:00 a.m. I see him smiling the way he was when I saw him today. Unfortunately, not at me. A short wave, a brief nod in my direction. I was in his realm of consciousness for a second, maybe. Like the mailman, or the cashier at the store. Except he knows my name.

2:17 a.m. It's all your fault, you know, I say to myself. You should do something about it. Do what? Let him know. How? Any way! But I've tried...I've been trying for so long. How? A look a touch there. So how is he supposed to tell? If he looked into my eyes for more than a moment, he would know.

2:50 a.m. I wonder what impresses him the most. Does he fall for wit? Intellect? Humor? Sexiness? Maybe I should try to be more feminine. Maybe I'm too loud and obnoxious. Perhaps I should try being more soft-spoken, alluring. But I can't—that's not me! I can't change for someone else.

3:05 a.m. Sure I can.

3:21 a.m. I wonder what his favorite color is. I wonder what he looks like when he's asleep. I wonder if he licks the icing out of Oreo cookies, or eats them whole.

3:35 a.m. The soft humming of the refrigerator sings a queer duet with the droning of my thoughts. I think of his hair, his neck, his shoulders, his eyebrows. I hear his laugh, and I feel the imprint on my body where he hugged me the other night, in a friendly gesture.

3:47 a.m. Hmm. Maybe I shouldn't have thrown that bagel at my roommate and her boyfriend tonight. I just couldn't stand the sound of kissing anymore.

4:00 a.m. I bet he likes blondes.

4:11 a.m. It would be silly to assume he's not going out with anyone, or not thinking of someone the way I think of him. I wonder who she is. How much does he think of her? What does he think, when he thinks about her?

4:19 a.m. This is ridiculous. If I would spend all the time that I spend thinking of him doing something productive like studying, I would have straight A's. How dare he waste all my time! Who does he think he is anyway?

5:00 a.m. O.K. I'm going to do something, I am, I am, I am. I really will this time. I'm leaving next week, and I'm not coming back next semester. It's my last chance. I have to let him know...I can't just walk away, without him ever knowing I've spent a whole semester pining for him. I'll do something drastic. What have I got to lose?

5:45 a.m. I fall asleep in my chair. In my dream, he stands in the garden at home in California. He just smiles at me, standing there in the corn. I start to yell at him, and he just keeps on smiling. Then I walk over and slowly put my arms around him. I try to kiss him, feeling as though I am floating under water, but a noise interrupts us. I wake up; the smoke alarm is going off. My toast is on fire.

The Next Friday, 9:13 p.m. I walk into the room and am immediately aware of him sitting in the far corner. I pretend not to notice. I talk, I laugh, I have a good time. On the outside. All night I watch him, but I never let him see. The time grows late, and we are never alone. I feel desperate. I am never going to see him again. Give me a chance...just one chance! It's after midnight now. My smile gets tighter, and my voice grows shriller. Where is he now? Out of the corner of my eye I spot him heading for the door. I stop in mid-sentence and turn to watch. *Somebody stop him!* my mind screams. I watch him say goodbye to someone, then slowly walk out the door...going...going...gone.

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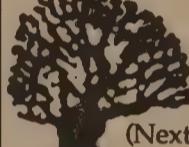
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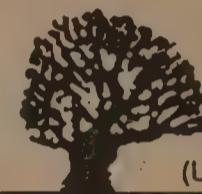


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Eavesdropper

Over the past year I have published some of your most stupid vocal blunders and though a healthy supply of new material is always readily available to a sensitive ear, I have found much of your past to be worthy of an encore:

Riviera Swimming Hole

Spiritual Beefcake to Blonde: "Yeah, my favorite Book of Mormon story is Korihor. No mercy!"

JKHB classroom

Gramatical Student: "Why do we use the subjunctive so often in our prayers?"

Caustic Professor: "Probably because we so often pray for things that are contrary to fact."

Outside HFAC

Deep Guy: "Hey, Howzitgoin'?"

Deep Girl: "Okay. Howboutcherself?"

Deep Guy: "Nobbad. Well, takecare."

Deep Girl: "Okay. Yootoo. Nice talkin tooya."

8:01 a.m. MARB Classroom

Confused Tall Guy: "Hey, dude, are we early or something?"

More Confused Short Guy: "How come the lights are all off?"

Confused Tall Guy: "Whoa, is today Sunday or something?"

7:35 p.m. Training Table Restaurant

Cocky RM: "Well, it was just a regular week. I worked-out every day, wrote a ten page report for econ, did my home teaching, aced my stats test and visited my sick grandmother. How about you?"

Beautiful Freshman with Large Brown Eyes: "Kristi and I bought some new fingernail polish!"



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New Doctrine Rocks LDS Culture

by Mike Mower
from 1 Apr. 1989, issue 26

In a surprise announcement today, the LDS Church said that the size of the family will be limited to a total of three people. Mark Hones, Church spokesperson said, "We were just getting tired of many great High Council talks being ruined by crying children, not to mention the expense of sending three or four sons on missions. How can a seminary teacher from Sandy afford it?"

The reasons for this move are not only monetary; the word from On High is that there are just not many more spirit children waiting to come down to this world. Helen and Floyd LaBean from Burley commented, "We're sure glad we've had our twelve kids. It would be hard to farm potatoes with just one child."

This article and the accompanying "Police Beat" appeared in our annual April Fools Student Enquirer edition, and were part of a center-spread spoof on The Weekly Universe. This issue also endowed the beloved Executive Vice-President, John Stohlton, with the coveted Student Enquirer Man of the Year Award.



This will be the size
of Mormon families
of the future.

Unforgettable!



Tommy's Chiliburger

With this coupon get a
FREE large drink (20 oz)
with the purchase
of a Tommy's single
with the works
and a large order of fries!

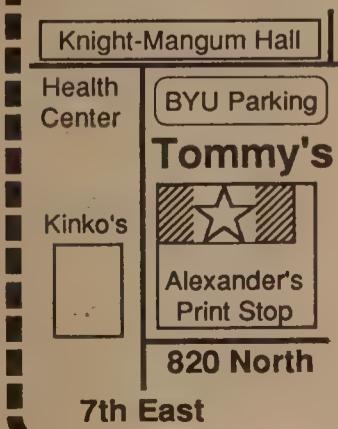
Expires 9-15-89



Tommy's Old-Fashioned
All-Beef Dog

With this coupon get a
FREE large drink (20 oz)
with the purchase
of a Tommy's old-fashioned dog
(Chili, Kraut or Chicago-style)
and a large order of fries!

Expires 9-15-89



Just six inches from
BYU on 7th East...

or visit Tommy's
downtown in the
humble little white
building at
400 W. 100 N.

POLICE BEAT

by Brad Clark
from 1 Apr. 1989, issue 26

- University Police are looking for a pregnant woman on a Schwinn in connection with deep bicycle ruts found on the JSB lawn.
- A backpack containing four twinkies, three bottles of root beer, six butterfingers, a loaf of Wonderbread, a box of Captain Crunch, and a diet book was stolen from a room in the Smith Family Living Center.
- A 24-year-old co-ed from Wyoming was caught in the Tanner Building trying to grow a beard last Tuesday.
- Last Monday, the *Daily Universe* editors reported their creativity missing. The *Universe* does not know where it was taken because they are unsure when they lost it.

Taylor Maid

Back to school special
20% off all beauty supplies
\$25.00 perm and cut
(extra for long hair)
\$17.99 for acrylic nails

Offer good only with coupon

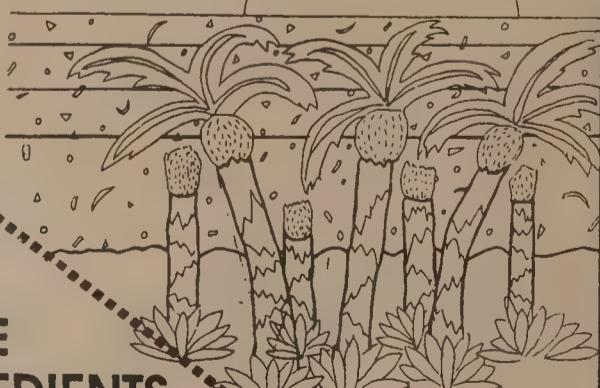


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TOP 50

1. Green eyes
2. Foot massages
3. Financial independence
4. Mr. Toad's Wild Ride
5. Synthesis
6. Solidarity
7. No make-up
8. Hugh Nibley
9. Matching silverware
10. LRC cd's
11. Curry
12. Air mail
13. New roommates
14. Marriage
15. Chocolate
16. Neptune
17. Washington D.C.
18. Late night chats
19. Convertibles
20. Road trips
21. Non-Mormons
22. T.S. Elliot poems
23. Progressive slumber parties
24. Buying on credit
25. *Cheers* reruns
26. Green lights
27. Fresh breath
28. Successful diets
29. Clean bathrooms
30. Loyalty
31. Rex
32. Sunday naps
33. Eugene England
34. Down comforters
35. Unexpected income
36. Starched shirts
37. G.A.'s
38. Utah sunsets
39. Cyrano de Bergerac
40. Bagels
41. Sunday dinner with friends
42. "Utilities included"
43. The Foucault Pendulum
44. Inside jokes from the inside
45. Vacation
46. Vertigo
47. The First Law of Motion
48. LD phone calls from friends
49. Martin Luther King, Jr.
50. Randy's lasagna

BOTTOM 20

Jealousy, road construction, fitness for death, goldfish, DC-10 engines, girls with boyfriends in the MTC, Woodstock revivals, measles, parental reprimands, SR payday, procrastination, roommates in love, getting fired, dead batteries, destructive cynicism, professors who lose essays, rude library signs, uptight honor's cadets, empty ice cube trays in the freezer, Yoko Ono.

A LOT HAS HAPPENED
THIS SUMMER
WHILE YOU
WERE
GONE!

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happening club
is now even
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featuring modern music.

come experience music
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prizes!

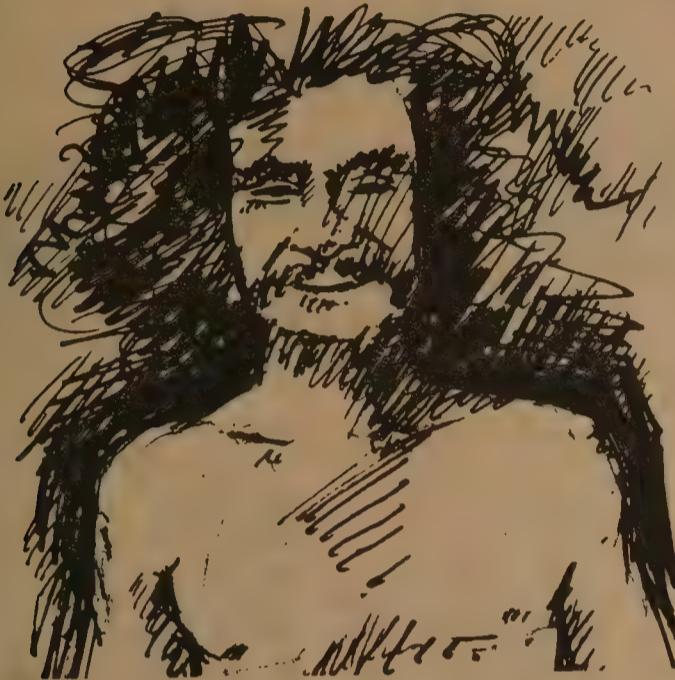
it's new, it's happening,
it's

The
PALACE

5th North 9th East

ARTS & LEISURE

Weekends on his Houseboat



SR art by Cassie Christensen

by Gary Burgess
from 2 Nov. 1988, issue 10

Dad would say his story began when he was sixteen. That year he entered Cal Berkeley as an engineering student. His hair was short. He liked playing sports. He was away for the first time from prosperous parents, and after three months he ended up living with a group of "communist" graduate students in a basement apartment off campus. It was dirty and messy, and he failed most of his classes that first semester. Home for Christmas, his dad took his car away for the bad grades. Enraged, he ran off across country to Greenwich Village. This was in 1957.

My memory picks up in the early seventies. He has had two marriages and divorces, random jobs, roommates, and friends. He's written poems and short stories, and a three-act play. In 1972 he is living in a houseboat off Sausalito, like a lot of other "long hairs" are doing. There he is writing a screenplay. His neighbors keep big Persian cats in their houseboats. They look very healthy, wear loose clothing, and they say to Dad, "Hello, Bruce," very quietly.

Inside his houseboat he asks us if we want any music, and when we blankly nod, he puts something on like Carole King, The Grateful Dead, maybe Mississippi John Hurt. There are tree trunks in there, big paisley pillows, and a tall water pipe. He has a wall-length print of a medieval wedding feast over his water bed. He puts his books between bricks scrap wood. We sit down and he pulls out the charcoal and paints for

us to use, leaving us on the floor in the living room so he can get into his own things.

The front door is open and sea planes are taking off on Richardson Bay outside. His shag rug is thick. He eventually says, "You guys hungry?" He puts a round wooden table, with no legs, on a sheepskin. He slices apples, bananas, cheese, and bread for us. He makes some healthy kind of milkshake. If someone comes in, they ask him how his screenplay is coming. Then he gets animated and starts saying it's going well, and that it's about a man, single, up against a lot of corruption in the establishment, a lot of pride and vanity and foolishness. He says it portrays middle-class society, how family, relationships, and values so commonly accepted just are not working. Then he wonders aloud why he ever thought he could raise a family, and why he wasn't down in Los Angeles making a career out of his talents.

He seems to know what is happening with us. He tries to teach us about things he knows, to turn us on to his music and some of the books he is reading; we don't know all dads aren't this way.

"Now for the real drag," he says, and we go up to see his parents in their big house on the hill. It overlooks San Francisco Bay. We like the house because it is big and has a chin-up bar and swimming pool. It has things alabaster and bronze from around the world. Dad's father is trying to teach my brothers and me what a capitalist is, and his mother is making an attempt to cut our hair.

He wants to throw us around in their pool, or let us try and drown him.

The next day being Sunday, we go to church in his navy-blue, '65 Mustang, where he teaches Gospel Doctrine. The classroom is packed and he energetically cites Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Christian theologians, quantum mechanics, and eastern philosophy. He speaks out against the Vietnam War, power, manipulation, and materialism. He says the Church in its beginnings was iconoclastic, revolutionary, that it was saying "no" to orthodox systems and beliefs in America.

After the services and back in his houseboat, he tells us what is hip and not hip to do, explaining to us what is jive and not jive in the world. He goes on for hours. One night I remember he talks about the Tao, and how physics could eventually prove how God could hear all our prayers at once, given at the same time. He explains this with energy, using wide gestures and we begin to understand about omniscience.

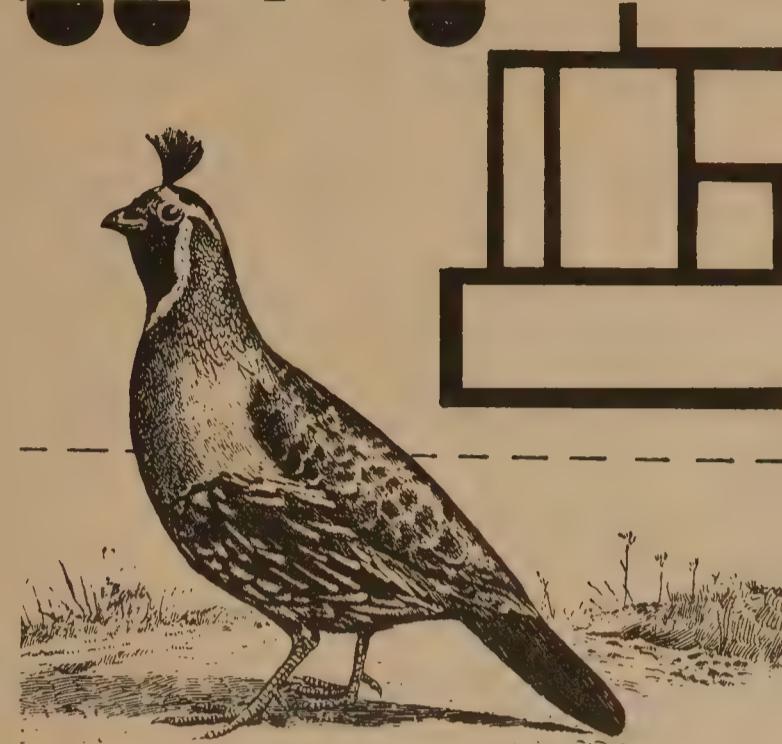
Those were the weekends before we moved a thousand miles away from Berkeley, before Mom married the black political science professor.

The next summer we found him moved away from his houseboat. That summer he didn't talk about the screenplay, and the Mustang was gone. He was saying he was an old man more than usual. His parents would say: "He's doing a lot better now, your Dad. He has a steady job with a good retirement plan, and he has you boys." "You boys are all he has," they'd say. "You don't know how hard he works for you three."

Now, with my Dad, my brothers and I often talk in terms of before. Before this happened to Dad, it was this way—before that happened to us, it was like this. We wonder where we found and how we agree upon the vague optimism and expectations of the present. We look for answers he hasn't mentioned to us, or that he has passed over. We feel sometimes it ended for him in the way his era and counter-culture did, with the bright yellow blaze of youth going down on him, moving away from him like we had. Or sometimes we feel youth never went anywhere, but stayed in that houseboat after he had moved on. Or, we even say that youth in one way or another stayed with him like his hair did, like we did every summer for the rest of the decade, until, that is, my brothers and I started going to college and on missions and began to wonder about our Dad, just what he represented.

I drop my tools and walk slowly across the lawn, up the steps and into the empty bus. I choose a seat on the left side near the front. I grip the large silver handle and pull it towards me, shutting the door. Once again there is a hiss of escaping air and a solid click as the gearshift slides into first. The engine guns and we pull away. I catch me looking at myself in the big interior

The Partridge Family Bus Rapture



SR art by Jeff Lee

by Scott Siebers
from July 1989, issue 30

It is my most persistent image. It is not a dream, for it comes when I am fully awake. It is not a daydream, for it doesn't wait until I fade into the DMZ between awareness and trance.

*Two shall be in the field; the one shall be taken, and the other left.
Hello world, here's a song that we're singing—come on get happy ...*

It comes unexpectedly, without warning or provocation—often when I am actively involved in something else. It explodes across my mind and strafes me from above and then it is gone. A crystal clear reality so fleeting that I doubt its existence seconds after experiencing it. But I know better.

It is always the same and it goes like this: I am a middle-aged man working in the yard in front of my modest suburban home. It is sunny and pleasant and quiet in the neighborhood and there is no visible sign of my wife or children who must be inside. I am not deliriously happy, but I am content. I am secure. I am safe. I am crouched, working in the dirt with my back to the street when I hear a large vehicle roll up and stop in front of my house. When I hear the hiss of the hydraulic brakes, a sudden fear seizes me. I turn just in time to hear the familiar click and whoosh of the opening accordion door.

*Two women shall be grinding together; the one shall be taken, and the other left.
A whole lot of lovin' is what we'll be bringin', to make you happy ...*

I face the psychedelic Partridge Family Bus and wait to recognize the face of the driver through the opening door. It is not Shirley. It is not Keith or Reuben. Thankfully, it is not Danny. It is me.

In that night, there shall be two men in one bed; the one shall be taken, and the other shall be left.

We had a dream we'd go travelin' together. We'd play a little music, then we'd keep movin' on ...

I look into my expressionless face and I know that I must go. I have always known. I have been warned. The dutiful driver is not here to coax. He is here to take me. I stand frozen. I cannot go inside to say goodbye. I cannot pack a suitcase or grab a favorite photo or CD to take with me. I can no longer live the life I have been living. I must go.

He which shall be upon the housetop, and his stuff in the house, let him not come down to take it away; and he that is in the field, let him likewise not return back.

But somethin' always happens whenever we're together, we get a happy feelin' when we're singin' a song ...

I drop my tools and walk slowly across the lawn, up the steps and into the empty bus. I choose a seat on the left side near the front. I grip the large silver handle and pull it towards me, shutting the door. Once again there is a hiss of escaping air and a solid click as the gearshift slides into first. The engine guns and we pull away. I catch me looking at myself in the big interior

please see Bus on next page

Bus from previous page

rearview mirror. The last segment of the image is from the exterior as the bus rolls. A panel on the rear door reads "Caution: nervous mother driving."

We drive for many days, stopping at homes and picking up others who are equally reluctant, but equally bound by the knowledge of the inevitable bus.

*And he knew not until the flood came, and took them all away . . .
Travelin' along here's the song that we're singin', come on, get happy.*

There comes a time in the lives of many people when they feel a compelling urge to do something that is completely irrational within the context of their stable existence. The urge seems to arrive under its own power and methodically pursue its agenda. Some buses have relatively simple destinations: abandoning a career fast track to finish a long-desire degree or open a golf accessories shop, buying a used snow plow at a city auction, bowling every major city on I-95, or beginning a vacuum collection. Some buses, however, have more demanding charters: taking up writing while raising seven kids, selling Amway, giving hundred-dollar bills to railroad bums, rising up early in the morning to offer your only son on an altar, or standing in front of a column of tanks, armed with only a white flag in a nation that has embraced fascism for two millennia.

We should understand that these people do not fully comprehend why they must, they only know that they must. Those who somehow manage to deny the urge (usually because of outside pressure) spend the rest of their lives wondering and suffering the disappointment of missing the bus. Our time may not be apparent for many years, but we must be patient. For someday, the bus may come for us.

Housing Questionnaire

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The Accidental Florist

by Sven Eric Wilson
from 8 February 1989, issue 19

Rhonda hears a lot.

Standing behind the counter at the small flower shop, her nonthreatening figure slopes upward through plump, motherly breasts to a subtle chin and lightly-curled, dark hair. Her pale blue eyes are comforting, reassuring—the kind of eyes that strip men of inhibitions and draw out confessions.

I initially came into the floral shop quite by accident. I was looking for an out-of-the-way record shop that I thought might carry Tom Scott's early album, *Intimate Strangers*, and I wandered into Rhonda's shop looking for directions.

I walked out with a daisy behind my ear and a big grin.

It was not long before I was making regular visits to the floral shop. Sometimes I had legitimate needs: a birthday bouquet for my mother, a handful of bright red tulips for a friend, or an occasional purchase of roses whose thorns pricked my heart as the gift went, once again, unappreciated and unrequited. But mostly I went to watch—and learn—from Rhonda.

Pretending to look through the rows of tacky postcards or smell the different varieties of (mostly nauseous) herbs, I would glance carefully over my shoulder at the nervous man at the counter, and Rhonda, catching my glance, would give me a knowing nod of her head, without once breaking her attention on the frustrated and broken speech of her customer.

Lawrence was one of the first customers I encountered while hiding behind the stack of postcards. Dressed in the sagging down coat that he had had, most likely, since high school, Lawrence pushed back



his thinning blond hair and smiled weakly at Rhonda.

Chuckling, Rhonda inquired, "What'll it be, Larry?"

"It's been quite a while since I've done anything...uh, nice for Susan, and I thought it might be nice to get some flowers or something for our special time this weekend."

"Special time?" I thought. Quickly, my single mind raced through what that could mean: nude backgammon on a lazy Saturday morning or, perhaps, chasing each other around the old bandstand in the park on Center Street.

Rhonda knew better. "What is it this week, Larry, the temple or miniature golf?"

"I haven't really decided yet, something special. Let's go with two or three roses and as many carnations as I can fit in and still keep the

price under ten bucks."

Rhonda waved vigorously at Lawrence as he walked out the squeaking glass door. She dropped her hand slowly to the counter and, with her smile fading, quipped, "Special time. Hah! What that really means is late night trips to Storehouse Market for aspirin and aching, swollen feet on the mildewed tile of the shower floor."

Rhonda didn't hate men, though. Pity, maybe. But I think I started to hate them.

Jared stood suavely at the counter. He was a regular. "Got a hot one tonight?" she asked, almost accusingly, as she pulled a half-dozen white roses from their container.

"If things don't get moving with this chick pretty soon, she's history."

please see Florist on page 29

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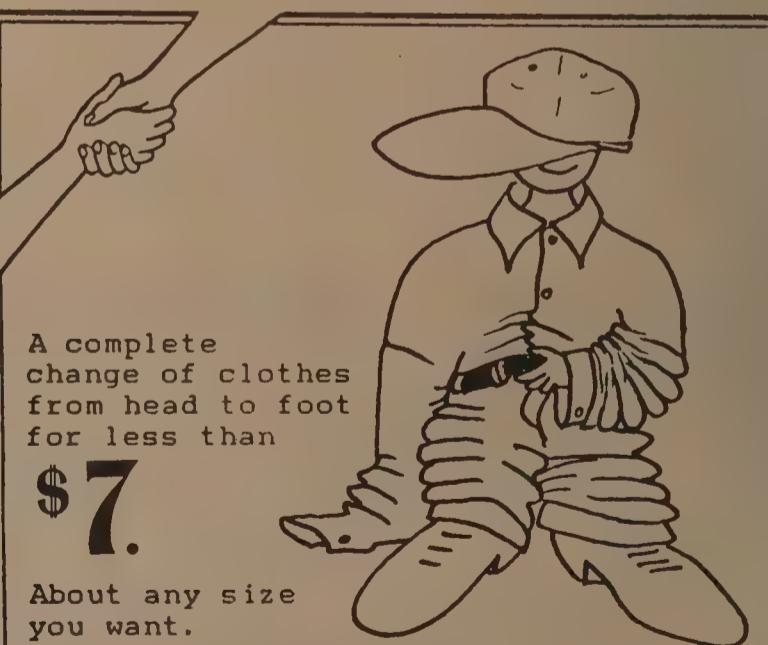
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An Interview with James Christensen

by Julie Curtis
from 9 Nov. 1988, issue 11

Looking at James C. Christensen's work is like taking a step through Alice's looking glass. Christensen's paintings depict another world, a world of fantastical shapes and vivid colors and strange images that exist only in a magical place. Reality is redefined to permit enchantment; one senses that a Cheshire Cat or a Queen of Hearts or a kingdom of cards is never very far away.

Born in Culver City, California, in 1942, Christensen has been interested in art throughout his life. He studied art at UCLA and BYU, then taught at a junior high school until becoming part of the New Era staff as an illustrator and art director in 1974. He joined the BYU faculty in 1976 and has taught here since then. Christensen's work is highly acclaimed. His commissions include, among others, a 25th anniversary poster for the Utah Shakespeare Festival and several paintings for Time/Life Books' series, "Enchanted Worlds."

SR: You work mostly with fantastical subjects, bright colors, strange images. How would you classify your work?

JC: Most artists tend not to classify their work; they just paint. My work is classified by others as fantastic art, "fantastic" being not an adjective, but a genre. I'm considered a fantastic artist.

SR: There is significant religious symbolism in your work; do you consider yourself a "religious" artist, an artist of religious themes?

JC: I consider myself a Mormon artist in the sense that I'm a Mormon who does art, rather than an artist who does Mormon subject matter. Because my art comes out of me, that philosophy is reflected in my work. In that sense, I'd probably say yes, there are religious connotations because of my whole belief system. I don't paint a lot of religious subject matter, so I probably wouldn't be considered a religious painter.

SR: How do you work with religious symbols in a Mormon setting?

JC: Sometimes painters today have difficulties using the common symbols that Christian art has used from the fifth century until now, because for so many years art was dominated



Original art by James C. Christensen

by the Catholic Church. Those symbols became so identified with Catholicism that when we try to use them it makes people uncomfortable. We either have to find more obscure symbols, or generate our own metaphors. Then the task becomes one of educating people to understand the new metaphors you use. When I use symbols in my work, I'm generally consistent in them. For example, a fish isn't "the devil" in one picture, and "lunch" in the next. There's a consistency of meaning, so once you have learned the lexicon, it's easy to read the paintings. People in the Middle Ages learned artistic symbols because they didn't know how to read. Everybody understood

what the symbols meant, so they could read the paintings.

SR: Do we need to educate today's Mormons about religious symbols, the way earlier Christian people were?

JC: I don't know. I'm not sure it's necessary. Our church is very rich in its own symbolism, but we don't get too involved in iconography. If the symbols we use in our artwork tend to be a little more obscure, then people who want to learn will learn about them. I don't know that we'll ever educate everybody. I don't know that everybody cares.

SR: In your recent work there are some extraordinary symbols. Would you care to explain the checkerboards and fish?

JC: A group of the paintings have a

similar format and background color, and they all have checkerboards in them. I was dealing with the checkerboard as a game symbol. In one painting two ambassadorial figures come together. They speak all the formal phrases in gold; these eventually dribble down and fall off the bottom of the page. The name of the painting is "Opening Gambit," and over their heads is a board that resembles a chess board. Picking up the idea that communication is a kind of a game, that theme reappears in a lot of places.

I've used the fish symbol for a long time. It alludes to the idea that there is magic in the painting. Say we are in a room and a fish comes floating through the room. Assuming we aren't hallucinating, we would have to completely redefine our world because fish don't defy gravity and float in the air. So in order to build the idea of illusion, or magic, or "otherness" of another place, I occasionally just float a fish in there somewhere. Sometimes it's very central to the theme, and other times it's just off in the corner, but it says: "Hey, this is not here; this is somewhere else where that's okay." It helps the illusion.

SR: Of what significance is the Renaissance dress?

JC: It isn't significance as much as that I like a lot of detail. Also, I want to place the figures out of a contemporary context. It only alludes to Renaissance or medieval dress. In fact, a lot of the clothes don't make any sense, if you really start looking at them. They're shapes, but they wouldn't work as clothing. Take the big picture of the duchess. If you really try to think of her with no clothes on, or suitably attired in a leotard, she doesn't work. Her arms cannot connect; she's just not built right. But it's the design and the illusion and the paint that are important, not trying to be a real person. I use that kind of clothing because there are a lot of great shapes, decoration and busyness. I want to establish a fantasy world. It may relate to our real world, but it's not part of it.

SR: What about the butterflies?

JC: Very often the butterfly is a Christ or resurrection symbol, a

metaphor for the gospel of the Atonement. Other times they are just beautiful shapes, so if elf-creatures have butterfly wings, they're not necessarily Christian elves. That's a decorative motif. One needs to consider the object in its context.

SR: Is there anything you would like the public to bring away from your work?

JC: Maybe I could address one thing. We've thought a little bit about translating the Latin phrases, and I think people may wonder, "Are we not understanding the paintings because we don't happen to speak Latin? Who does he think he is?" I would encourage people to enjoy the paintings, even if they don't understand the printed words. The Latin puts another layer of meaning in if you understand what it says. At the same time, if I were to put subtitles underneath, I think it would limit thinking to a narrow interpretation. I want the paintings to be open, to let people think about them, or ponder, or catch a few words, to get involved. I've seen people sitting there, trying to figure out some of the captions, and I'm tickled because they are working on it. Maybe they come up with a different meaning, and that's okay, if they have their own interpretation. I think we limit art when we get to know too much about it. I would love to have someone care enough that they brought their Latin dictionary or their neighbor who's a pharmacist and knows enough Latin to translate the dialogue.

That's an important part of it, I think, the idea of the observer being able to participate. I haven't included translations, and people shouldn't look for them or worry about them. They should just enjoy what is there and play the game.

Got an article?

Slip it into locker #300, ELWC (across from the bowling alley).

Driving at Night

by David Sume
from 16 Nov. 1988, issue 12

I am not a vampire. I am not a cat burglar. I am not an insomniac. I drive at night. Night is the only time to drive. No traffic, no pedestrians, no complications, no distractions. No appointments, no places to go, just going. Just empty roads every-

where, just peace and a chance to think or listen to loud music. I've driven around for hours listening to the Talking Heads or the Beatles, Kate Bush, or the Cure. Under the stars and moon.

Sometimes it's very beautiful. I remember a night, a month or so ago. There was a full moon and some incredible clouds. It was almost as bright as day. It was so remarkable I

didn't sleep that night. It was so beautiful I had to remember to breathe. I was exhausted the next day, but it was worth it. People thought I was a zombie, people thought I was on drugs, people thought I was from another planet. I wasn't thinking very clearly as I stumbled around that day, but I was happy.

I wish I didn't need to sleep; I wish

I could stay up every night. Even if what you can do is limited, this is prime driving time. Nighttime is the right time. This is the time roads and cars were made for each other, this is the time to go places, even if they're not open. Besides, it's the journey, not the destination. It's going places, not getting there.

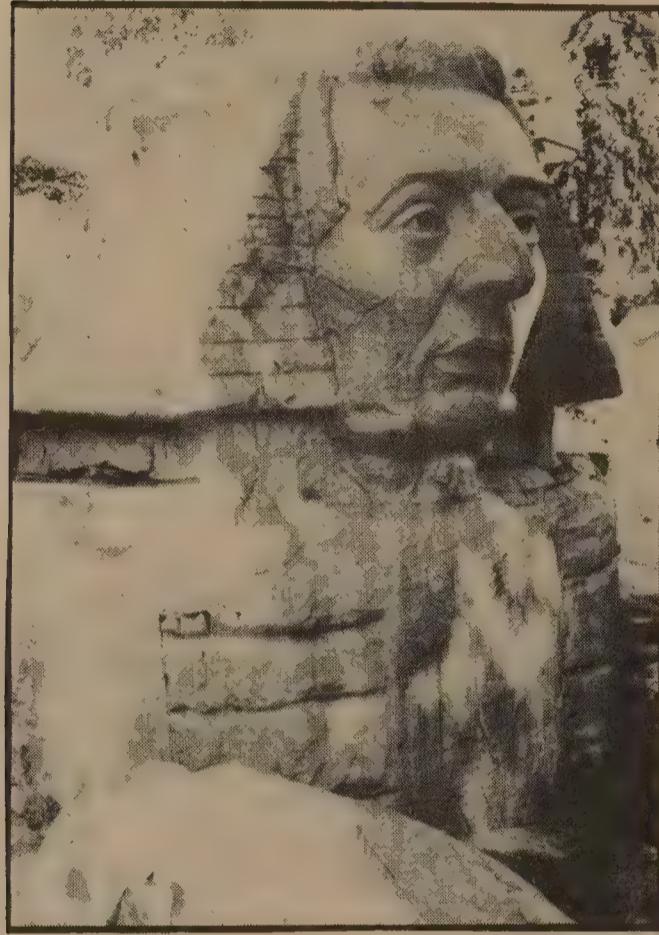
I have become a night person because of Henry Ford. I struggle

through days guzzling Diet Coke because of my nocturnal activity. I have bags under my eyes. I have to wear sunglasses, even on overcast days. If I ever lie on the floor, I fall asleep. There is a price to be paid, but I pay it. Ivan Doig said something about life being choices, so we should choose what seems worthwhile and do it. I have. I do.

Gilgal: A Mormon Enigma

By Bonnie Garner
from 26 Oct. 1988, issue 9

Somewhere on Fourth South and Eighth East, near the Wonder Bread Factory in downtown Salt Lake City, exists a sculpture garden dedicated to the Church. This monument, called Gilgal, is hidden behind a modest house.



I came to know of Gilgal from a friend. He and his girlfriend climbed fences late at night to steal a look at the sculptures "built by a crazed bishop." He explained how eerie it was at night, "almost haunted."

After seeing Gilgal, I understand what he meant. At night it would have been scary. I imagine the two of them huddled in the shadows of dark stone figures. Even by day the place is unnerving.

I have heard many stories about Gilgal—my favorite is that the artist was an insane polygamist bishop, excommunicated for building his shrine. But in *Neo*, a Salt Lake City art publication, I read that the rumors are mostly hearsay. Gilgal's creator seems to have been a pretty good guy—a little eccentric but harmless.

His name was Thomas B. Child and he began Gilgal in the early 1940s, after 19 years as an LDS bishop. The article in *Neo* did not state whether or not he was excommunicated, but I inferred he probably wasn't. He might have been released, however, because of his personal theology.

Leading Church officials have

expressed no interest in the garden. *Neo* suggests "perhaps the overwhelming symbolism in the garden made the brethren just a little queasy." Child allowed the ideas of Freemasonry and the symbols of Egyptian theology to influence his designs.

I understand the brethren's disinterest, but I was still entertained by Gilgal. The name itself summons attention. *Neo* stated that Child wrote: "Gilgal! The name intrigues me! I'm using it in some way to name my hobby... Gilgal means 'a stone circle or a circle of sacred stones.'"

Child worked on his monumental shrine for about twenty years. He received help from volunteers and paid them with Snelgrove ice cream. I like this; I envision happy Gilgal workers with pay-check-cones of English toffee ice cream in their hands. Maybe Child wasn't as bad as rumors suggest.

Child worked diligently on Gilgal. With his helpers, he brought back rocks from as far as southern Utah to his backyard, and continued working on his hobby until he died in 1963.

The day to officially see Gilgal is

Sunday. This is when the gate at the front of the house is left open. If you risk going at night, beware: I have heard of expulsions by shotgun-toting men. Remember, Gilgal is private property.

If you do decide to visit, just beyond the gate you will see a brick shrine encasing a large white cross—your first glance of Christian symbolism in the garden.

Once out back, you will pass through an arch made of large flat stones. The arch is big, spanning about 12 feet. The garden itself is about an eighth of an acre and surrounded by stone and chain-link fences. Within the garden there are large stepping stones engraved with scriptures and quotations:

"And this is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent." (John 17:3)

"In a sense knowledge shrinks as wisdom grows... the habit of the active utilization of well understood principles is the final possession of wisdom." (Thomas B. Child)

"O that I were an angel, and could have the wish of mine heart, that I might go forth and speak with the trump of God, with a voice to shake the earth, and cry repentance unto every people!" (Alma 29:1)

"After me cometh a builder, tell him I too have known." (Thomas B. Child)

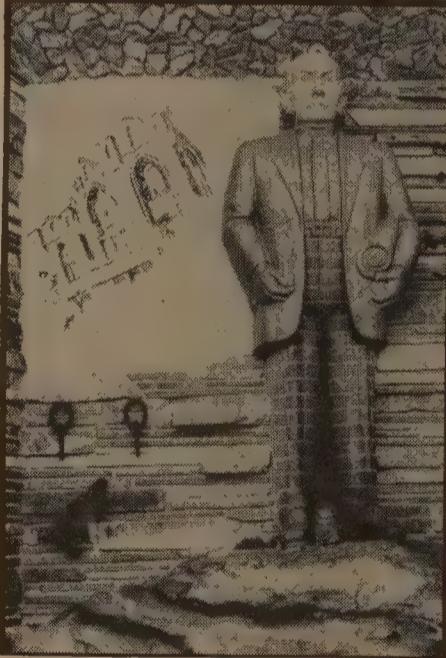
The last quote might seem strange, but it is essential to Gilgal. All of the inscriptions are linked in an odd way. Even the sculptures are related, forming a bizarre salutation to Mormonism.

My favorite piece is the sphinx. The sphinx is about 10 feet long, 6 feet high, and 4 feet wide, weighing around 25 tons. Its head is that of the prophet Joseph Smith. The face is an accurate representation; even the nose is large and slightly hooked. The stones at the base of the head form a throne-like seat. I sat there for a while and read the inscription: "The sphinx is drowsy, her wings are furled, her ear is heavy, she broods on the world. Who'll tell me her secret the ages have kept? I awaited the seer while they slumbered and slept." (Thomas B. Child)

Over the years the garden has been vandalized. Only the more prominent pieces seem untouched by the harshness of man, nature and time.

Despite its somewhat rundown appearance, Gilgal is enjoyable. It can be appreciated in less than an hour, unless you want to read all the inscriptions.

Regardless of the length of your visit, it is difficult to get a feeling for Gilgal. I'm still uncertain about what it all meant: Loyalty? Poetry? Art? Devotion? Eccentricity? Obsession? Your guess is as good as mine.



Bill and Nada's: A Reprieve

by Elden C. Nelson
from 5 April 1989, issue 28

"Please and thank you are magic words." The world needs wisdom like this. So just as a blanket statement, the world ought to go to Bill and Nada's Cafe in SLC. I did, and I feel better for the trip. I got a good meal and some good advice, in the form of an imitation wood-grain plaque with white lettering. I think I may have regained a bit of innocence, too.

This is what happens when you step into Bill and Nada's. You leave reality and step into *The Andy Griffith Show*. But whoa, hold on there, trendies. This is not a bright pink pseudo-reconstruction of a fifties restaurant, geared toward inspiring nostalgia in college brats (who are too young to experience nostalgia for that time period anyway. They are more likely to be experiencing nostalgia for the nostalgic sitcoms that were so popular 10 years ago.)

Bill and Nada's is the way it is because Bill has just never bothered to change the motif of the place. So the mural of the fisherman on the wall does not feel contrived, the jukeboxes on the tables are playing the same records they were 20 years ago (Burl Ives, some obscure Elvis, Ink Spots) at two songs per quarter. There is no "James Dean Burger," no pinball on the ceiling. Just a non-pretentious cafe with some good food.

This is what happens when you eat at Bill and Nada's. You sit down at a booth. Don't ask for a nonsmoking booth; there aren't any. You look at a menu. If you are in a breakfast mood, they are famous for their brains and eggs. Don't recoil. Taste. If you are in a burger mood, try the "Big Bill"—an open-faced burger smothered with cheese, chili, lettuce, tomato, and radishes. This costs about three dollars and is more food than you can eat. The soup is homemade, the sandwiches are exactly what you would expect.

The waitress will come and talk to you in a minute and find out what you want. If she has something interesting on her mind, she will probably tell it to you. She will almost certainly be wearing plaid. She will not dote on you and she will not be chewing gum and she will not be wearing roller-skates. She will bring you your food quickly and make sure that it is the food you want. Tip these waitresses well, for they are perhaps the only waitresses in the state of Utah that will not make you



SR photograph by Jeff Hadfield

cringe as they approach your booth.

This is what you should do when you eat at Bill and Nada's. Eat. Talk. How you eat is not important. What you talk about is not important. How you talk is important. You should talk simply. You should talk of details. You should not worry about being profound, because that is pretentious. At Bill and Nada's, the things you say will eventually take on a profundity of their own. This is the profundity of actually meaning what you say. This is the profundity of the importance of small things, like the conversation you are having with a waitress who acts as if she could probably become your friend.

I haven't talked much about the food. I don't think the food is the most important thing about Bill and Nada's. It's good, but it isn't the most important thing. The most important thing is the way you feel when you walk out. You feel warm and full from the food, you've carelessly had one of your most significant conversations ever—either with a stranger or with someone you know, you feel as if you've had a reprieve from cynicism. You haven't participated in someone else's nostalgia; instead, you've given yourself something to be nostalgic about.

Florist from page 27

"Well, maybe this will do the trick."

"That guy is scared to death," she remarked as we watched Jared strut across the street to his Camaro. "He thinks white roses mean purity and noble intentions. What he really wants is for her to be thinking of those white flowers when he reaches over her to recline the seat of that studmobile he drives."

Bill hadn't been in before. It was a little far to walk from Helaman Halls and he had never had much need for a florist. While his hands darted in and out of the big pocket on the front of his high school wrestling sweatshirt, Bill tried to decide what he wanted.

"I think I'll take three red roses... or let's make that six. How much is that? Oh. Do you think three is enough? And... uh... maybe I better go with two yellow ones."

Rhonda, after opening and re-opening the door to the cooler, suddenly reached out and grabbed Bill by the throat and shouted, "Make up you silly mind, will you?" The startled boy jumped back, frightened, but when he saw the way Rhonda's eyes danced as she chided him, his shoulders relaxed and he broke out into a long pleasant laugh.

"Let me make a suggestion," soothed Rhonda. "How about a

There are still a few musicians who electrify their audience instead of their instruments.

In an age when most musical instruments run on electricity, and the quality of music seems to be measured in volts, isn't it nice to attend a concert where the only thing that's electrified is the audience.

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UTAH SYMPHONY



single red rose and one of these cards, as she pulled from a drawer under the counter an off-white card lined with a tint of silver. The card was beautiful, particularly for a flower shop, and I wondered how many men Rhonda had opened that drawer for.

The psychoanalysis of the men who came into the shop became almost a ritual for Rhonda and me. She knew them all. The uptight preppie in argyle socks. The tender man from Idaho. The single, frustrated professor. The friendly clubby with the trademark lock of hair hanging over his left eye.

Rhonda knew the women, too. She was annoyed that so many of the girls from campus were nervous about sending flowers to their boyfriends. "It'll be fine," she'd say

again and again. I'm not sure if Rhonda caught the look of intimidation in their eyes. Where men confided in her, women resented her. They hated the understanding and the depth of those blue eyes.

Over the holidays, Rhonda's boss moved the shop to a bigger location. This meant more flowers, more customers and, unfortunately, the end of our analyses. I'm still loyal to Rhonda and frequent the new, even tackier, shop.

On my way to return a video which I had watched alone late on a Sunday night, I passed by Rhonda's new shop. She burst out of the shop and chased me down to stick a daisy behind my ear. With a quick, farewell squeeze on my arm, she hurried back to her customers.

Rhonda knows a lot.

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Aug. 30-31,	Pathfinder	5:15
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	The Sacrifice	8:50
Sept. 1,	Little Vera	5:20, 7:20, 9:20
Sept. 2-3,	Sherman's March	2:30
	Little Vera	5:20, 7:20, 9:20
Sept. 4-14,	Little Vera	5:20, 7:20, 9:20
	w/ matinees Sat. & Sun. @ 3:20	

Cinema In Your Face, 45 W 300 S, SLC, 364-3647, presents:

Aug. 30-31,	Exquisite Corpses	5:20, 10:20
	Split 7:00, 8:40	
Aug. 31,	BENEFIT	7:00
Sept. 1-3,	Split 5:20, 10:15	
	Wind Blows	7:00, 8:40, 12:00 (no 12:00 showing Sun.)
	Unbearable Lightness of Being	2:00 Sat. and Sun.
Sept. 4-6,	Split 5:20, 10:15	
	Wind Blows	7:00, 8:40

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Life Science Museum	MLBM	M & Thu 8 am - 9 pm Tue., Wed., & Fri. 8 am - 5 pm Sat. 10 am - 5 pm
Botanical Gardens	800 N 500 E	Daylight Hours
Foucault Pendulum	Lobby, ESC	M-S 6 am - 11 pm
Earth Science Museum	1683 N Canyon	M-S 9 am - 5 pm (open until 9 pm Mon.)

Archeology Museum	700 N 100 E M-F 9 am - 5 pm	
Ancient Am. Artifacts & LDS Paintings	JSB M-S 6 am - 11 pm	
Planetarium Lectures Top Floor	ESC 7:30 & 8:30, Second Thur.	
Special Collections	4th Floor HBLL M-Th 8 am - 9 pm F-S 8 am - 5 pm	
Art Galleries	ELWC HFAC Lobby HFAC Secured HFAC Larsen HFAC 4th & 5th Floors	M-S 8 am - 11 pm M-S 6 am - 11 pm M-F 8 am - 5 pm M-S 7 am - 11 pm M-S 6 am - 11 pm
Cashiers	ASB	M-F 8:15 am - 4:45 pm
Bookstore		M-S 8:00 am - 6:00 pm

Provo/Orem Bus Pass Outlets

BYU Bookstore	
Smith's	
University Mall (near Mervyn's)	
UVCC, Student Center Building	
ZCMI, University Mall	
For bus route information call 375-INFO	

Employment

BYU Student Employment	378-3561
Job Service	373-7500
LDS Employment	374-2525

Emergency number for dorm residents:

American Civil Liberties Union	521-9289
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Sports

Women's Volleyball, BYU vs. CS-Long Beach, SFH, 8 pm

Miscellaneous

MLBM Nature Photo Contest. Runs through Sept. 9. Info: x 8-5051
 Sept. 8, Campus Party
 Sept. 5-18, Book Exchange
 Sept. 5, 7 am, Football tickets go on sale
 Snowbird Oktoberfest, Bavarians, oompah band; International Folk
 Ballet, music and dance; Rocky Mountain Polka Express;
 contests, ethnic food, Snowbird Pavilion, Sat. and Sun., noon
 to 6 pm. FREE. Continues on weekends through Oct. 8
 Sept. 15-23, BalletWest presents, Swan Lake. Call 533-5555 for
 tickets
 Mon., Sept. 4, 9:00 am, Utah Symphony sponsors "Beat
 Beethoven" 5K road race. Call 533-5626 for more information
 Tues. & Wed., Sept. 5 & 6, 7:30 pm, de Jong Concert Hall,
 Mozart's opera "Così fan Tutte," tickets: 378-7444

Friday, Sept. 22, 7:30 pm, Atticus Books, 1132 South State, Orem presents Douglas Thayer, author of Mr. Wahlquist in Yellowstone, who will read and sign his book.
 SR staff members: Be there. Bring friends.

Sept. 9, 9:00-10:00 am, KUED-7 presents the Second Annual Governor's Conference on Strengthening the Family with Beverly Sills

Hansen Planetarium, 15 S State, SLC

Apollo: One Giant Leap, Mon.-Sat, 3 and 8 pm, Sun., 3 pm
 Footsteps, Mon.-Sat., 11 am, 2 and 7 pm; Sun., 2 pm
 Zoom-a-little-Zoom, Mon.-Sat., 10 am
 Laser Magic II, Wed.-Sat., 1 and 4 pm
 Laser Beatles, Wed., 9 pm
 Light Waves II, Thur., 9 pm; Fri. and Sat., 9 and 10 pm
 Laser Floyd, Fri. and Sat., 11 pm

Concerts

Spyro Gyra, Friday, Sept 1 at Snowbird
 Bob Dylan, Friday, Sept. 1, 7:30 at Parkwest
 Anderson, Bruford, Wakeman, Howe, Sat., Sept. 2, 7:30 pm at Parkwest
 Utah Symphony, Thur., Sept. 7, 7:30 pm, de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC

Interesting things to rent from Outdoors Unlimited:

Wind Surfers, Tandem (two-seater) bikes, Rafts, Canoes, Kayaks, Tents, Backpacks, Mattresses, Sleeping Bags, Sports Equipment, Parachutes, Horseshoes, Ice cream makers, Baby strollers, Twister

New Student Orientation

Wed., Aug. 30, 12:00 noon, On-campus Housing Move-in

Thur., Aug. 31, 1:00 pm, Parents' Orientation, de Jong Concert Hall
 2:00 pm, President's Reception, ASB Quad, parents & students
 1:00 pm - 5:00 pm, Infotfair, ELWC Garden Court
 4:30 pm, New Student Commencement, Marriott Center
 6:00 pm, Meet Your Y Group Barbecue, DT Field

Fri., Sept. 1, 7:00-8:00 am, Morningside, Carillon Bell Tower, A discussion of honor at BYU w/ BYUSA president
 8:30-9:20 am, Open-Major Advisement, 375 ELWC
 9:00 am-5:00 pm and 9:00 pm-11:00 pm, Infotfair, ELWC
 9:30 am-12:30 pm, College and Departmental Orientation : Biology and Agriculture 456 MARB
 Business 151 TNRB
 Education 250 SWKT
 Engineering & Technology 377 CB
 Family, Home & Social Sciences 1101 SFLC
 Fine Arts & Communications de Jong, HFAC
 Humanities 2084 JKHB
 Nursing 347 ELWC
 Physical and Math Sciences JSB Auditorium
 Physical Education 267 RB

2:30-5:00 pm, Repeat of Morning College and Departmental Orientation Meetings
 7:00 pm, An Evening With Faculty, w/ your Y Group
 9:30 pm, Friday Night Extravaganza, ELWC

Saturday, Sept. 2, 8:00 am, Scholarship Meeting, de Jong, HFAC. All scholarship recipients should attend.
 9:00 am, Financial Aid Meeting, de Jong, HFAC
 9:00 am-2:00 pm, Infotfair, ELWC Garden Court
 10:15 am, Library Orientation, HBLL
 12:30 pm, Lunch and Concert on the Green (reservations required), ASB Quad

2:30-4:30 pm, New Student Seminars, ELWC:
 Transfer Student Meeting, rm. 321
 Knowing Your University, rm. 347
 The Registration System, rm. 378
 Selecting an Academic Major, rm. 376
 Academic Development, Varsity Theater
 Women and the University, rms. 365-67
 BYUUSA and You, rm. 375
 Preprofessional Interests: Med/Dent. rm 369
 Preprofessional Interests: Business, rm. 257
 Preprofessional Interests: Law, rm. 360
 Preparing for Grad School and Post-Bachelor's Degree Schooling, rm. 357
 Refreshments, Mezzanine
 6:00 pm, Freshman Dinner (RSVP), ELWC Ballroom
 9:00 pm, Saturday Night Finale, ELWC

Sunday, Sept. 3
 7:30 pm, 17-Stake Fireside, Marriott Center

Tuesday, Sept. 12
 11:00 am, Welcome Assembly/Devotional, Marriott Center

Freshman Honors Conference

Anyone interested in Honors is invited to participate. For more information, contact Honors, 302 MSRB, or call 378-3038.

Wed., Aug. 30
 8:00-11:50 am, Orientation to Honors and Academic Excellence, de Jong, HFAC
 11:00-11:50 am, College Bowl Match, de Jong, HFAC
 12:00-1:30 pm, Lunch with Honors Faculty, ELWC Ballroom
 2:00-5:30 pm, Four Honors Previews, Nelke Theater, HFAC
 256 CB
 2104 JKHB
 347 ELWC
 6:00 pm, Dinner with Honors Faculty, ELWC Ballroom
 7:30 pm, Informal Discussions with Faculty and Students, ELWC
 8:30 pm, Honors and International Cinema, JSB Auditorium

Thur., Aug 31
 9:00-11:00 am, Four Honors Previews (same rooms as Wed.)

Art Calendar

Art Masters International Galleries, Cottonwood Mall, 4835 Highland Dr., Suite A2, Mon through Fri., 10 am to 9 pm

Artworks Gallery, 461 Main St., Park City, Wed. through Saturday, noon to 6 pm; Sunday, noon to 5 pm

Atrium Gallery, SLC Public Library, 209 E 5th S, 3rd floor, "Kids on the Bloc: Soviet Children's Art," through Sept. 26, Mon. through Thur., 9 am to 9 pm; Fri. and Sat., 9 am to 6 pm

Avenues Branch, SLC Public Library, 455 F St., oils and watercolors by John K. Fetzer, Sept. 4-Oct. 14, Mon. through Fri., 9 am-9 pm

Courtyard Gallery, 153 Pierpont Ave., Group show w/ photos by Roger Newbold et. al., Tues. and Wed., 11:30 am-7 pm; Thur. and Fri., 11:30-9 pm; Sat., 1-9 pm

Dolores Chase Fine Art, 143 Pierpont Ave., "Introductions '89," featuring paintings, sculpture and prints by young artists, Sept. 9-30, Tues.-Sat, noon-5 pm

Gallery at Snowbird, Cliff Lodge, Snowbird Resort, featuring a variety of artists, Daily, 1-10 pm

Gayle Weyher Gallery, 820 Park Ave., Park City, featuring gallery artists, Mon-Sat, 11 am-6 pm

Kimball Art Center, Main Street, Park City, Mon-Sat, 10 am-6 pm; Sun., noon-6 pm

Mary Amanda's Gallery, 132 E 9th S, photography by Ben Altman through Sept., Tues.-Sat., 10 am-6 pm

Pace-Davis Gallery, 754 E South Temple, SLC., noon -9 pm

Phillips Gallery, 444 E 2nd S, Main Gallery, "Romantic Imagination," pastel drawing by Connie Borup and Arthur Adelmann, Sept. 8-Oct. 13, Tues.-Fri., 10 am-6 pm; Sat., 10 am-4 pm

Pierpont Gallery, 159 Pierpont Ave., "Urban Flight," watercolors and oils by Edwin Oberbeck, Sept. 8-Oct. 13, Tues and Wed., 11:30 am-7 pm; Thur. and Fri., 11:30 am-9 pm; Sat., 1-9 pm

Salt Lake Art Center, 20 S West Temple, Mon.-Sat., 10 am-5 pm

Utah State History Museum, 300 Rio Grande St., Mon.-Fri., 8 am-5 pm

Harris Fine Arts Center Secured Gallery presents: "The Workings of a Small Subculture." See Points of Interest section for details.

Theater Calendar

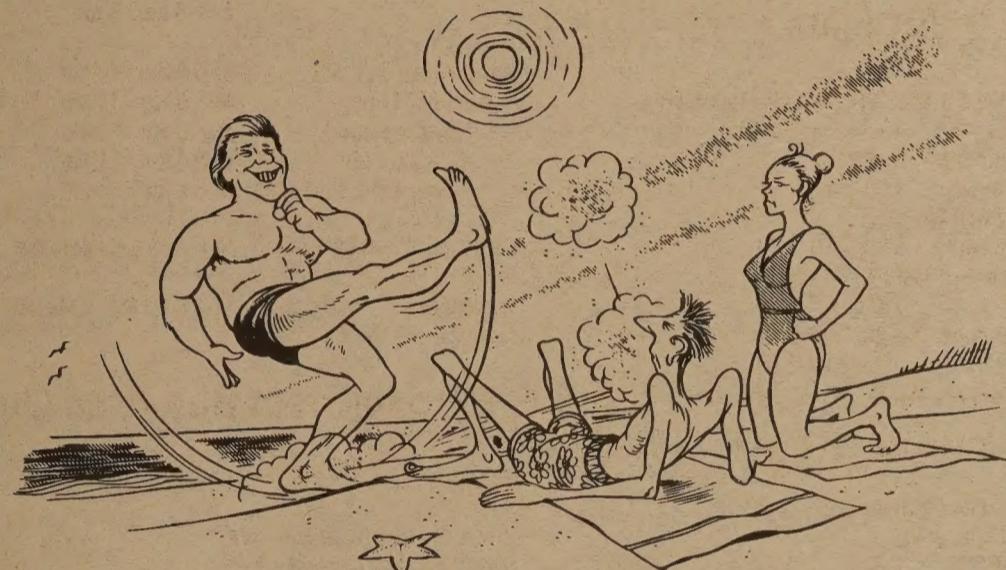
"Sabrina Fair," Hale Center Theater, 2801 S Main, Mon.-Sat., 8 pm through October 2

"The Lion in Winter," Castle Theater, outside, behind Utah State Hospital, Provo, Mon. Thur.-Sat. through Sept. 16, 8:30 pm

"A Midsummer Night's Dream," Castle Theater, Sept. 9 & 11, 8:30 pm

"Bedroom Farce," Egyptian Theater, Park City, Thur.-Sat., 8 pm
 "The House of Bernarda Alba," TheatreWorks West, Sept. 14-Oct 1, Thur.-Sat. at 8:00 pm, and Sun. at 7:00 pm. Call 583-6520 between 1:30 -5:30 for more information

Don't Just Sit



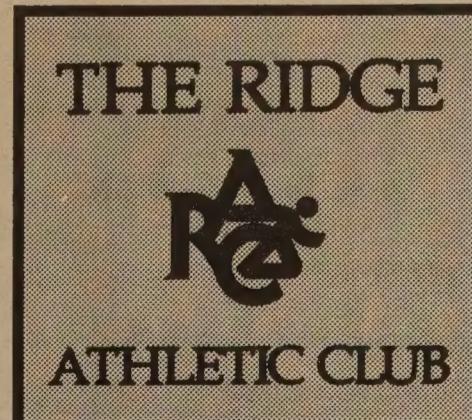
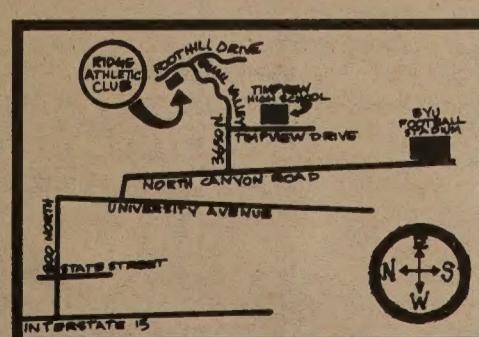
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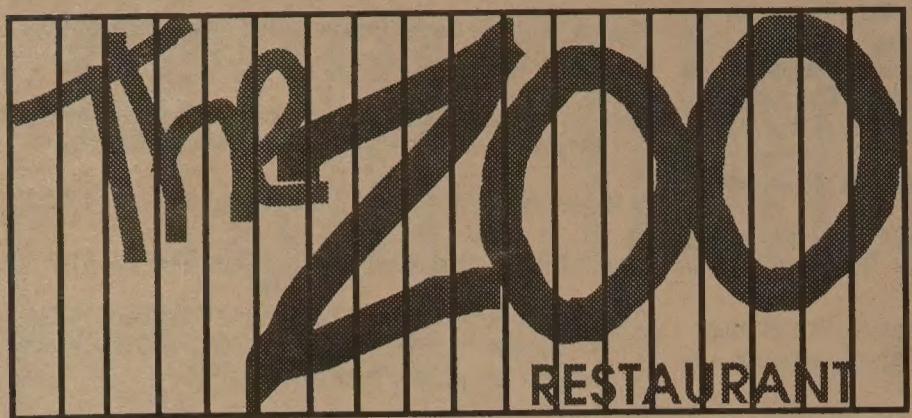
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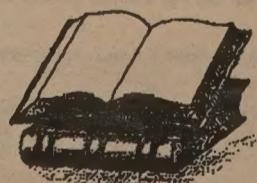
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Chicken Breast
Sandwich\$1.99

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